

OCTOBER 1949

The GRAIL



The Grail

Volume 31, No. 10

OCTOBER, 1949

IN THIS ISSUE

Cover Design	Leonard Burland
The Rosary—A Melody and A Remedy	Editorial 289
Lord, That I May See	Roger Dieckhaus, O.S.B. 290
A Flower and A Song	Therèse Martin 291
Between The Lines	H. C. McGinnis 292
My Brother, Anthony	Marie Lauck 295
Bon Voyage	Jimmy Montana 299
A Long Dream	Elizabeth R. Madden 302
A California Desert Valley	Paul Wilhelm 304
Hazards of a Housewife	Owenita Sanderlin 309
Dos Hombres	Elizabeth Angino 311
October and St. Joseph	Mayteel Fedash 312
Echoes from Our Abbey Halls	Walter Sullivan, O.S.B. 314
Our Reading Room	317
Brother Meinrad Helps	Inside back cover

STATUE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA

The Grail Office has made arrangements to supply small statues of Our Lady of Fatima, 11 inches tall. This model is made after the Portuguese statue that the people have in their homes. \$4.00 a statue, postpaid. Order from The Grail Office.

THE GRAIL

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office)

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Rev. Patrick Shaughnessy, O. S. B.

Rev. Raban Hathorn, O. S. B.

Rev. Eric Lies, O. S. B.

Rev. Christopher Hoolihan, O. S. B.

MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Paschal Boland, O. S. B.

OFFICE MANAGER

Rev. Austin Caldwell, O. S. B.

Member of Catholic Press Association

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$2.00 a year: Canada \$2.50. Foreign \$3.00. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917: authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL,
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

Manuscripts of articles and stories should be addressed to the Reverend Editor, The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscriptions and enrollments in The Grail Mass Guild should be addressed to The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.

You'll want these

CHRISTMAS CARDS



In each box there are 21 beautifully designed Christmas cards in the true spirit of Christmas. Envelopes to match with each box of folders.

\$1.00 a box.

\$3.00 for 4 boxes (84 cards)

Order Blank

Enclose is \$..... for box(es) of Christmas Cards and envelopes. Send to:—

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Order now from THE GRAIL Office St. Meinrad, Indiana

ANNOUNCING



THE MAN ON FIRE

The story of St. Paul the Apostle

by MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

To be published in November. 193 pages. \$2.50.



Illustrated by Paul A. Grout

A GRAIL PUBLICATION

THE ROSARY--A MELODY AND A REMEDY

EDITORIAL

I THINK it is especially in season to recommend the daily Rosary of Our Lady as a private devotion of the family not only during October but during the rest of the year. Sometimes we are liable to forget—in our zeal for the liturgical worship of God in the Mass and the Divine Office—the place of preeminence that the Rosary devotion should have in the life of a Christian.

One of the reasons why this rosary devotion is unpopular or even despised is because it is considered dull and monotonous. If there is dullness and monotony it is not from the sameness of the prayers, but from the sameness of one's thinking. The monotony is from within the mind and heart and not from the repetition of the Paters and Aves. Concerning people who despise the rosary as too dull or childish a devotion the late Pope Pius XI wrote in his encyclical letter *Ingravescentibus Malis*: "Those wander far from the path of truth who consider the rosary merely an annoying formula repeated with sing-song intonation, and consider it as good only for children and pious women."

"In this regard," the Pope goes on to say, "it is to be noted that both piety and love though always renewing the same words do not always repeat the same thing, but rather express something new issuing from the intimate sentiment of devotion."

In his novel, *By What Authority*, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson defends the rosary from the charge of monotony when he makes one of his characters, a domestic servant in a Protestant home, speak out in defense of the repetition of the Ave Maria.

"But, Mistress Margaret," said Lady Hollis icily, "the rosary is such a dull prayer; you say the same thing over again; how dull indeed."

"Begging your pardon, my lady," said Margaret sweetly, "but yesterday do you remember how your little girl Darlene climbed into your lap, and as you rocked her back and forth she kept looking into your face and saying: 'O Mother... O Mother...' And you didn't tire of hearing it, for she

loves you so, my lady. And that is exactly what Catholics do when they pray the rosary; they kneel at the feet of the Mother of God, look into her eyes with love and keep saying: 'Hail Mary... Holy Mother' just because we love her so."

The rosary is not a counting of beads on hurrying fingers while the mind remains a blank. To the devout and well-instructed Catholic the rosary is a stiff discipline of the attention as well as an aspiration of the heart. As the beads pass through one's fingers and the lips pronounce the Paters and Aves the mysteries of Christ's life and Mary's pass through one's mind, and find their practical outlet in daily living.

The rosary beads are like a piano; the Paters and Aves are like the black and white keys; while the same keys are played over and over again, each time the melody is different; for while the fingers pass over the beads and the lips repeat the prayers the mind meditates on the ever-changing events in the life of Jesus and Mary. Joyce Kilmer must have been thinking of this when he wrote these lines on the rosary:

There is a harp that any hand can play,
And from its strings what harmonies arise!
There is a song that any mouth can say,
A song that lingers when all singing dies.
When on their beads our Mother's children pray
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

Long before Our Lady appeared to the children at Fatima and asked Christians to take up their rosary as a defense against the onslaught of worldwide wickedness, Pope Leo XIII recommended the rosary as a remedy against the three evils which threatened to destroy human society. In his encyclical letter *Laetitiae Sanctae*, Leo XIII said that there are three influences at work undermining human society—"these are first, the distaste for a simple and laborious life; secondly hatred for suffering of any kind coupled with a lust for pleasure; and thirdly forgetfulness of a future life. For evils such as these" said Pope Leo, "let us seek a remedy in the Rosary which consists of a fixed order of

prayer combined with devout meditations on the life of Christ and His Blessed Mother."

Meditation on the joyful mysteries, presenting as they do, the simple and humble life of the Holy Family will help to reconcile the working man to the hardships of a simple and laborious occupation, and open his eyes to the value and dignity of honest hard work as a means of happiness. Meditation on the excruciating mental and bodily agony of Christ in the sorrowful mysteries will develop in the Christian that heroic patience which will enable him to endure heartbreak or bodily pain, and strengthen him against the allurements of a barren life of pleasure. The glorious mysteries

with their stress on the final victory of Christ over death will rescue the sorely tempted Christian from the pitfall of materialism with its denial of a future life, and fill his heart with the bright hope of a blessed personal immortality.

It was the outstanding Benedictine writer and retreat master, Abbot Columba Marmion, who spoke of the rosary in the following words: "If every day we have said: 'Holy Mary, pray for us now and at the hour of our death' we may be sure that when that time comes (she whom we have asked ten thousand times) will come with her love and tenderness when *now* and *the hour of our death* are the same."

LORD, THAT I MAY SEE

ROGER DIECKHAUS, O.S.B.

Seeing is believing
When the seeing is
The knowing of mindsight;
But not
When the seeing is
The knowing of eyesight.

To see is
Not to believe
When to see is
To know with the eyes;
But to see is
To Believe
When to see is
To know with the soul.

Seeing is knowing;
Believing is knowing.
But the knowing of seeing
Is not the Knowing
Of believing.

The knowing of believing is
The strength
Of the truth
Of the teacher.
The knowing of seeing is
As strong as
The veracity of vision.

When the knowing
Of believing

Is the truth
Of the Truth
It is safer
And saner
Than
The knowing of seeing.

The knowing of seeing
Is spectacled —
By tortoise shell
And man-made lens;
The knowing of believing
Is God-aided —
By crystal-clear
Lenses of grace.

Believing is knowing
By God-given seeing
What the knowing of seeing
Sees not
In its knowing.

The knowing of believing
Is the clear
Light of Day . . .
The knowing of seeing:
Deep darkness
Of night.

The knowing of believing
Is the sight of

The saints
Like oil
In the lamps of the Wise.

Mere knowing of seeing
Is the blindness
Of sinners:
Fuel-empty
Lamps of the foolish.

The sanctity
Of sanity:
Clarity of vision:
The overflow in action
Of the knowing of seeing.

The sanity
Of sanctity:
The giving of self:
The overflow in doing
Of the knowing of believing.

The knowing of seeing —
The blindman's request
When he prayed to see
The light of the sun.

The knowing of believing
Is the seeing we ask
When we pray for
The Light of the Son.

t over
from
of a
hope

r and
spoke
every
s now
e that
asked
e and
death



A Flower and a Song



he amazing singing career of Yvonne Chalfonte, noted French artist of concert, opera, and radio, began when she asked a Child for a rose. The lovely singer began

a novena to her Favorite of favorites, the Infant Jesus of Prague; her petition, a professional career in the world of music. She begged for the sign of a rose, pink if she were to sing, white if not.

Before the novena ended, a friend of the family arrived unexpectedly

from Alaska, bringing many gifts among which was a bouquet of pink roses. With eyes filled with tears of happiness and a 'Hail Mary' on her lips, she immediately knelt before the small statue of her beloved Infant in thanksgiving for the beautiful answer to her prayers.

After months of indefatigable study under the personal coaching of Emma Rohleder Vioran, formerly of Chicago Grand Opera Company, and the celebrated Rosa Raisa, internationally famous opera diva, Miss Chalfonte made her debut. Her glorious voice and magnetic personality so enchanted all who heard her that she was instantly accepted into the charmed circle of music.

On tour, from coast-to-coast, she was quickly recognized as one of America's most outstanding artists. In her radio debut, National Broadcasting Company, she was acclaimed the 'Find' of the season. Newspapers and magazines, printing the reviews of the critics were soon proclaiming her internationally ... the Catholic Press bestowing upon her the titles of 'Baby Jesus' Nightingale' and 'Madonna's Prima Donna.'

Though her success was overwhelming, Miss Chalfonte was not satisfied with purely material accomplishment. "Of all the arts," she explained, "music is the most transcendent; it reaches the heights of beauty and perfection. Something as glorious as music could achieve the height of human service." She wanted her concerts to be more than just an evening of entertainment, she wanted them to live on as 'memorials' dedicated to some worthy cause.

The more she thought of this aspect, the more she was truly puzzled. Once again she implored the Little Infant to assist her in discovering the answer. How generous is the Baby Jesus and how sweetly He bestows His "richest blessings! He sent ten little girls to help solve the riddle.

From the splendid results of a Benefit-Concert, sung in behalf of the ten tiny tots from a Chicago child-care home, came the inspiration to inaugurate a series of Fund-Raising Concerts to aid those in need of great financial assistance... the recipients: Religious Communities, orphanages, hospitals, homes for the aged, the blind, the lame and other similar charities. Thus a new idea was born.

While on a concert tour of the mid-western states, Miss Chalfonte accepted an invitation to visit a very ill nun. Sister asked the artist how well she knew Saint Therese, the Little Flower. Though embarrassed Miss Chalfonte admitted she had, in her prayer book, a novena to the Saint but rarely said it. Her devotion was centered only on the Little Infant. "When I worked in a newspaper office to finance my musical career," she acknowledged, "I would

(Continued on page 294)

Between the Lines

Yugoslavia: Explosion Point?

H. C. McGinnis

WILL Tito's Yugoslavia be the explosion point of World War III? Many observers are beginning to believe that Yugoslavia holds this potential threat. The answer lies wholly in the Kremlin's hands. Tito's attitude is not only an exceedingly dangerous threat to the very existence of the Russian sphere of influence, composed largely of satellites, but is also a very considerable humiliation to Stalin and his fellow-members in the Politbureau. For many years they have appeared, or tried to appear, absolutely invincible to those persons and nations which have succumbed to the Kremlin's lures or force, as the case may be. So long as Tito continues to defy the Kremlin, just so long does this defiance constitute an invitation to the nationalistic elements within the other satellites to do the same thing.

Red strategy recognizes this situation thoroughly. The realization of the dangers involved is plainly indicated by the Cominform's recent activities in two fields. First, its propaganda campaign against Tito has been stepped up several hundred-fold within the past few weeks. Everywhere it blasts him with every accusation possible. It paints him as a black traitor to the Communist cause and to "the people's democracy". Secondly, through the Cominform's machinations, there has been a considerable liquidation recently of those Albanian Communists who have been suspected of being more than a little friendly to Tito and Yugoslavia's attitude toward Moscow.

If Tito is telling the truth, the present controversy between Stalin and him presents another of those strange paradoxes which so frequently spring up in Communist affairs. Stalin accuses Tito of virtually deserting Communism. Tito charges that Stalin and the Politbureau have departed from Marxism. Actually it is a case in which the pot calls the kettle black. Regardless of the inner convictions they may hold, both Stalin and Tito are guilty of wide departures from fundamental Marxism. Perhaps each has done only what has been called for by expediency, but the fact remains that the departures exist in both cases.

Stalin has made many departures, not only from basic Communism, but also from the pattern established by Lenin. Relatively few of Lenin's major practices now remain. Collectivized farming is one of the few survivors. Even government ownership of all industry is slowly weakening. Certain small businesses may now be conducted under private enterprise, subject to being licensed by the state. Stalin has found these departures from the Marx-Lenin pattern highly necessary. Marxism simply doesn't work. It is not a sound economic program and can be continued in existence only by ruthless coercion by the state's police power. Marxism also fails to constitute anything like a sound pattern of human relationship. The difference between today's marriage and family pattern and that instituted by Lenin is as great as two differences can possibly be.

Had Tito been in Stalin's shoes,

he undoubtedly would have abandoned the Marx pattern in the same aspects that Stalin has abandoned it. Tito has proved himself remarkably alive to the demands of expediency. Although he is entirely correct when he charges that Stalin has made abandonments, he himself is guilty of succumbing to the one thing which, with temporary exceptions, has been the chief stumbling-block to Communism's growth and progress ever since the earliest days of the First International.

This stumbling-block in the path of Communism's growth is the spirit of exaggerated nationalism which has been growing like a mushroom for the past two hundred fifty years. Tito has succumbed to it completely, probably because of refusal to do so would have meant his end. Although Stalin now finds Tito's nationalism a substantial hindrance to the Politbureau's current plans, he should not berate Tito too soundly for succumbing to it when expediency made it necessary. In days gone by, when expediency demanded, Stalin was highly nationalistic. This was in the days when Communist Russia, possessing only a fraction of its present strength, needed the unity and solidarity of its people as it faced the threat of crushing pressure from Europe's non-Communist powers. Then Stalin seized the tomtoms of nationalism and beat them vigorously. He made Russia and Communism synonymous and then, fanning vigorously the flames of Russian nationalism, hoped that the Russians would espouse Communism's defense with full fervor.

When the situation changed, Russia was in position to begin her policy of imperialistic expansion. Stalin then began to belittle nationalism as strongly as he had previously glorified it. A spirit of nationalism on the part of the satellite nations, or other intended victims, would prove a resistance to their being gobbled up. Stalin, heading an expanding Russian imperialism, now regards nationalism as one of the most devastating political and social evils of all times.

Although Stalin now finds Yugoslav nationalism standing in the way of his progress, he should have

other reasons also to abhor nationalism. These reasons are found in Communism's history. We must review a part of this history if we are to understand why nationalism has been so frequently a road-block holding up Communism's international progress and why the Politbureau has every reason to possess a rabid desire to stamp it out. Even though they themselves claimed the right to espouse nationalism once upon a time, they will not admit that Tito is a victim of expediency as much as they were.

The First International, formed in 1864, was almost a complete flop. 1872 saw its end. The First International was, as its name implies, an international body made up of Communists and extreme left-wing Socialists from various countries. During the nineteenth century, nationalism was firmly in the saddle in the world's political picture. While the delegates to the First International seemed utterly famished for the alleged fruits of Communism, they wanted them mostly for their own country. Each nation's delegates would listen to nothing that did not provide for the First International's turning its efforts exclusively to establishing a new social order in the country which they represented. Although professing to adopt Communism's alleged brotherhood without reservation, they were actually most actively engaged in the very individualism which they claimed must be destroyed. For accentuated individualism on a national basis is nationalism.

The Second International was organized in 1889. For the first eleven years of its existence, it was little different than its predecessor. After 1900, however, the spirit of internationalism began to supplant the nationalism of the various delegates and, from that time on, the organization began to function more smoothly. By this time Lenin was climbing into the saddle and he was all for a world-flaming with revolution. While many of the delegates sided with him, many more wanted the world revolution to be achieved country by country. Each group of national delegates wanted its country

to be first. Then, too, it was noticeable that when tentative schedules were set up which selected a certain country to be first, another to be second, another to be third, and so on, the delegates involved seemed to lose all interest in further planning, once the point covering their own nation had been passed. A wisecracker might describe the situation as Individualistic Communism. In any event, Lenin found himself stymied in his plans for world revolution in everything but talk; and most of the talk was not too agreeable to him.

During World War I, nationalism grew by leaps and bounds. Governments, in order to increase the war effort of their citizens, deliberately fostered it by every means known. The war's end found it so rampant that Lenin became totally disgusted with the possibilities of the Second International. He arranged its liquidation.

Lenin saw to it that the Third International was more to his liking. For a while after 1919, its activities indicated that internationalism had finally won out. While nationalism became dead, so far as the Third International's plans were concerned, it was definitely very much alive elsewhere. When Stalin took over, he discovered that it was still growing vigorously in the countries which the Red high command had marked out as revolution's victims. Also, there was grave danger that these nations would band together to wipe out Communism's plan to establish a Moscow-controlled "international dictatorship of the proletariat". Stalin and his advisers consequently found it good strategy to build up a nationalistic spirit among the Russians as an off-set to the acute nationalism being demonstrated by other countries. Moscow was not then in any position to promote her imperialistic ambitions, nor was a world revolution likely in the near future; so the Politbureau decided that a strong nationalistic Russia would be the safest bet if it were to continue Moscow as its seat of operations.

On the other hand, Tito did not espouse nationalism voluntarily. It was forced upon him. He had to

choose between either accepting it or else. The Yugoslavs, and particularly the Serbs who comprise the greater part of the Yugoslav state, are extremely nationalistic. In the past, this nationalism has stood these people in good stead and perhaps its present high degree has been the result of the continuous practice of it which was forced upon them by outside nations. It was the nationalistic spirit of the peoples now composing Yugoslavia that caused them to be an unwilling and ever-resisting part of the Turkish Empire. When the Turkish yoke was thrown off, the national integrity regained was largely due to the spirit of patriotism which resulted from this intense nationalism. During World War I, when Von Mackensen's crack army turned to its assignment of wiping out Balkan resistance, it was the nationalistic spirit of the Serbs which made their hopeless fight an epic of military history. When the remnants of the Serbian army were finally evacuated by allied transports from their last defense position, a position no longer tenable, the Serb army had been worn down until it resembled in number, but not in spirit, the last survivors of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

After Tito had completed the military part of his program and had brought the country under a control to his liking by secret police which equals Russia's—if it does not surpass it—he then settled down to organizing the country for the purposes of government. In the economic field, he met few difficulties, for Yugoslavia is largely an agricultural country and hence does not present the difficulties to be found in large concentrations of industry and industrial workers. It was in the political field that he soon found he could not have his own way. The Yugoslavs had absolutely no intention of being political puppets of Moscow. Marxism or no Marxism, they did not intend to be a monkey-on-a-stick. They intended to continue the independence which they had regained from the Turks in such hard fashion. Tito had no choice: the Yugoslavs made it for him. They would be constantly rebellious should he choose domination by Moscow:

they would be for him strongly should he become a staunch promoter of Yugoslav's nationalism.

Obviously Tito had to go along with nationalism or get out. Now he must find justification for this choice. To do this, and still claim Communism as Yugoslavia's savior, he must necessarily charge the Politbureau with having deserted Communism. Stalin and his gang charge that Tito is the deserter. But regardless of which is which and what is what, Stalin and Tito are now as incompatible as fire and water. It is appearing increasingly plainer that the Politbureau has definitely decided that by some means or other Tito must go. This makes Yugoslavia the greatest possible explosion point in today's world scene. The Balkans may again prove to be Europe's powder-keg.



"Something durable, please---his creditors always grab him by the tie"

A Flower and a Song

(from page 291)

go directly to the big boss if I were in need of a special favor. For spiritual favors I apply the same method. In heaven the Little Infant is the 'Big Boss' so I go directly to Him. He has never refused a request."

The nun was pleased with this explanation, nevertheless her eyes sought the statue of the Little Flower which stood near her bed. "Perhaps it is now the wish of the Little Infant that you learn to know Little Flower better. Remember she is the pet of the Holy Family and is the Baby Jesus' messenger. Why not pray to her? Begin today," she suggested.

Listening to the words of the nun, Miss Chalfonte pondered over the exquisite example of love and sacrifice bequeathed to the world by this great Saint. "Could such a legacy go unclaimed? Certainly not if it were the wish of the Little Infant."

As she left the sickroom the artist carried in her heart her first rose

from heaven, a tender bud of devotion which was to bloom into a celestial bouquet of favors through the intercession of Little Therese.

Exquisite Little Flower! How well she accomplishes her purpose through her 'little way' of arranging matters.

But two years ago, the Feast of Our Lady of Fatima, in Detroit's Auditorium, the curtains of the great stage parted; Miss Chalfonte stepped before the footlights and in that exciting moment as she opened her program singing Luzzi's glorious 'Ave Maria', her dream of but a few months suddenly became a dazzling reality... the task of founding 'living memorials' was begun... Little Therese leading the way. The first of the Religious Communities to benefit from this endeavor—the Carmel of Detroit.

Since that memorable evening, Miss Chalfonte has devoted the greater part of her career and has traveled thousands of miles singing

such concerts.

Added to her many laurels is her recent tour of the famous Shrines of Canada, where, as guest artist, her golden voice was heard by thousands of pilgrims in the capacity filled Basilica of St. Joseph's Oratory, Our Lady of the Cape, and Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

The charming simplicity and deep humility of Yvonne Chalfonte win for her the admiration and respect of all with whom she comes in contact. The enthusiastic reception ever greeting this artist in the great concert halls of America is deeply reflective of the enviable place she has rightfully earned in the hearts of countless thousands.

Her voice and artistry are indeed rare gifts; yet the treasure she cherishes above all is... her Catholic Faith. Audiences abroad will soon share the pleasure of hearing Miss Chalfonte when she leaves later this season to sing at the world-famous Shrines of Europe.



WHEN this gets into print, I'll have to find some inaccessible corner of the U.S.A. in which to hide. First, because my brother is *Father Anthony*, now. Second, he's modest.

Early in life, my brother Anthony demonstrated that his character would not bend to force.

In his class at school was Anthony's uncle, Edward, only a few months Anthony's senior. The first time Anthony came home in shredded white suit and two black eyes, it was because he would not say "uncle" when Ed got him down. It seems there was more to the saying of "uncle" than the acknowledgment of kinship. Ed never tried to make Anthony say "uncle" again.

That white suit was ruined, but there were others. In summer, Anthony always wore a white suit and white stockings. It was a costume to which he owed a handiness in self-protection. Not without protest, at home, however. But he defended his immaculate attire abroad. At last we all got measles—there were four of us then. We were forced to wear white hose because we "itched." After that, white stockings became "measles stockings" in our parlance. And Mother could no longer bring herself to make us wear

them. It sounded too much like sending us out in yesterday's antiseptic bandages! Somehow, Anthony's white suits didn't so much offend his manly mein when he no longer wore white hose. But in mother's eyes, her little man wasn't as tastefully attired.

His first winter in school, Anthony was again called upon to prove his mettle. He accepted the dare of older boys to follow the leader. They climbed fences onto garages and sheds and slid down roofs onto piles of snow. But the smallest boy, Anthony, came last. Pile by pile, the snow seemed to get harder, and the final pile of snow at the bottom of the steepest slide was packed like so much iron. Anthony's ankles were both broken. The sight of the smallest boy, unable to get to his feet, scared the other boys, and they all ran away. Anthony crawled home three blocks on his hands and knees in the cold. He was on crutches a while after that.

In school, Anthony was forever being penalized for drawing little sketches on margins of his books, on the fly-leaves, and on his home work. But to

Marie Lauck

us at home, every little sketch had a meaning. Mother and Dad never could sympathize with such school penalties. In fact, when Anthony explained his drawings, the family got a great laugh out of every cryptic little line. And when his notes in science turned out to have on them funny little creatures making faces at the accepted sketches of bunson-burner and test-tube, Anthony was solemnly admonished. But all our family could do was agree with Anthony that his talents lay in the field of art, not science.

Still, he and Biz Steinmetz invented things in our kitchen! They made crystal radio sets, and we all sat in awe, listening raptly to a dim scratchy voice and some music that came ethereally into our earphones. But our inventors had to suspend activities in our kitchen workshop, due to a younger brother, Leo, who got too close to a soldering iron and nearly lost an eye.

Nobody could accuse our budding artists and scientists of being sissified. There was no athletic coach at our Catholic school, but that did not prevent Biz and Anthony and Carl Stahl and the rest of their class from organizing their own Catholic baseball team. They played in Garfield park, gave organized school teams a run for it, too!

Biz was the group's hero; he could play nearly any position; he could invent things; he had a wonderfully understanding Dad. When Biz missed school one day, he was sent home for an excuse from his dad. Biz did not return that day, either. The following day, he presented a blanket excuse for both days: "It was nice for fishing and I took Bernard on an educational trip, fishing."

Biz and Anthony were part of a youthful orchestra in which Anthony played the banjo. The face of Anthony's banjo rollicked with little figures and faces that grinned up and seemed to dance in tune with Anthony's flickering fingers. These were more of Anthony's happy little sketches.

Anthony had an ambition and it was to go to Notre Dame. When he arrived there, however, he found that his specialty, which was art, was fostered by a famous school right in our home town which the good priests much admired. Anthony decided to get his ground work here. His art study was halted when he succumbed to a pneumonia bug and spent a year on his back. Most young men would have languished, irked with the new development. But Anthony's room lurched with laughter. Friends and visitors could hardly drag themselves from his sunny personality.

About that time, Jack and Gene, a radio team, had a homey daytime hour from a Cincinnati sta-

tion. Anthony got to writing them letters signed Lizzie Zilch, all about little Ichabod and sundry eccentric kinfolk. The radio people began to write their programs around the gay wit of Lizzie Zilch. And Anthony's long hours on his back were made happier by the clownish comments of the radio stars on his silly sayings. A regular Lizzie Zilch fad began, and we used to find anecdotes purportedly about Lizzie in every comic magazine. Nobody but our family knew that the original Zilch clan were originated by a boy on the flat of his back, trying to keep up his family's spirits. Nor did we know that our humorous sick-abled would one day be a priest-artist of eminence.

As soon as Anthony was up, he was back at his drawing board. Of course, he was much in demand among the girls. Somehow, he always had a grand time, always had more prom invitations than he could accept, but never especially asked any one girl out. On club picnics and choir affairs, he was the life of the party. But no one girl ever was "his girl." In fact, he was often with a group that didn't "pair up." True, when I joined the choir I was amazed to hear one girl threaten another by telling her to "keep her glances off Tony Lauck." But like all girls, even the choir members needn't have built any hopes.

Even being the hero in numberless dramatic productions of the parish didn't balloon Anthony's ego. He much preferred a role as priest in *The Divorce Question*, and treasured our pastor's comment, "I'd like to have you as my assistant!"

In due time, despite the extra-curricular activities of illness, choir, dramatics, and orchestrations, Anthony graduated from Herron Art School and was hailed as a budding sculptor, although he himself preferred painting. His work was exhibited in far places; he was given awards and scholarships. He went to Crandall, near Detroit where he studied under Carl Milles. And the acclaim became more widespread.

Just as the family found itself speculating on how many European scholarships Anthony could accept, he gently told us that he had decided to enter the seminary. Then, his art knowledge pretty well assimilated, he did go to Notre Dame.

All the while he studied theology, Anthony was producing artistic pieces that showed he was not abandoning art. A life-sized crucifix stands at Rolling Prairie where he made his novitiate; a whole chapel full of hand-carvings in wood: candlesticks, altar, a ten-foot mahogany Sacred Heart, is at Moreau Seminary. At Holy Cross college, where he finished his theological studies, murals

and fine dedication lettering in the chapel attest his onetime presence.

Of course, Anthony never told us about these things. His provincial would happily greet us: "Have you seen Anthony's latest endeavor?" and we would be surprised to see some new work of art we had never heard of.

All was not roses for Anthony in the seminary and novitiate. We went to visit him so often, you see. Once a month we were allowed to visit Anthony and unless some drastic weather conditions prevented, we were right on the doorstep—all the other Seminarians in stitches at the Lauck antics as we waited. I guess we were all born to be Anthony's mortification. Usually we managed to have concocted some surprises that kept Anthony on needles and pins. A mild, innocuous surprise would be fried chicken and all the trimmings in picnic baskets and new ideas on a nice park in which to spread it out.

But while Anthony was in the staid Novitiate, there was no leaving the grounds. And our mild innocuous surprises seemed somehow to explode into such shocks that we suspected Anthony momentarily expected to be asked to start packing.

At the novitiate you were decorous and monastic in your quietude. You arrived and were politely ushered to small visiting rooms, with an economy of spoken

"LORD THAT WE MAY SEE!"

Here they are, THE TWO BLIND MEN of the Gospel who made such a noise and disturbance when Christ went by that the apostles tried to make them be still. The feeling of clamor and disturbance is worked into the very design, though it is only a little piece of wood carved in relief by Father Lauck.

An observer at the exhibit where this wood carving was seen was heard to say, "I wonder what the story is behind that carving? Whatever it is, it makes me want to reach out and help those people!"

The emotion of wanting to help those people was exactly what the artist had in mind. Surely Our Lord wanted to help them, too, when He walked among them.





TURKEY IN THE STRAW, a carving in cherry wood in the round, by Father Anthony J. Lauck, C.S.C.

TURKEY, as Father Lauck calls it, is popular among modern artists, for its homely gaiety. Every line moves toward the homely kind of humor embodied in the face of a farm boy entranced with his harmonica and playing for imagined dancera. The tiny chiseled lines of the boy's face seem to make the polished wood come alive, ready to break out into music and laughter.

TURKEY has been on exhibit in various art shows across the country, was given honorable mentions and several awards.

word. These rooms were spotlessly clean, even (as Mother noted) in the corners of the shiny polished floors. The ash-trays gleamed, the windows and holy picture frames glistened, the bust of some ancient founder gazed severely down upon us. After waiting patiently in such a room for a long time, our large gathering of effervescent family, most of us standing because of the scarcity of chairs, could stand the strain no longer. We decided to amaze Anthony, if only to let him see what an ugly world he had left behind him.

When Anthony opened the door to the tiny visiting room, he took one look, leaped inside like an

antler, and shut the door quickly in his wake. He had a can-this-be-my-family look on his face. For he had been greeted by a swathing cloud of smoke from cigarettes burning in the tiny ash-trays. Each of us, even the girls, brazenly clutched awkwardly at a cigarette. The table had been shoved to the middle of the floor, and its lace cloth dangled over the back of a chair while the boys pretended to be playing cards—yes, they'd gone out and gotten a deck from the local pool hall—the only place open, spread out across the polished table top. A man's hat was cocked over one eye of the severe bust. It surely looked like a pool room sequence from a Class B movie. Of course, we had carefully drawn the blinds so that nobody but Anthony would get the view. Besides, that kept the smoke inside, which was part of the joke. After sitting Anthony down to keep him from falling down, we were able with a few swift swishes to replace order, and by opening the windows to let out the smoke. Fortunately, none of our non-smoking girls had inhaled and nobody got sick from the effects.

I guess the only other time the Novitiate foundations shuddered was the time the door-tender couldn't find Anthony. Said tender could be seen by us, scurrying vainly in and out of chapel, halls, doors. A half hour sped past. We had only a couple of hours in which to visit Anthony during the allowed time. We spied Anthony among other novices across the block-long court, walking quietly among the roses, just as the doorman efficiently disappeared up some stairs we weren't allowed to mount. We tried signalling the doorman who devoutly ignored us. So Frank, a younger brother, slung open the window and put two fingers between his teeth. Even the roses seemed to halt as that shrill sound cut across the monastic stillness. The roses turned their heads alertly toward us. Anthony was among those who looked, novices and roses alike, and six Laucks at six windows smiling silently, motioned him inside, the while nodding happy appreciation to all the others so alert to our signal.

Anthony hurried in, scarlet of hue. Eventually the doorman came down those stairs shaking his head disconsolately. So we told him we had found Anthony ourselves. We did not produce him, however. He was inside the visiting room, recovering.

Frank, a Notre Dame student himself, thought only of his escapade that he was an excellent whistler, although we often wondered if Anthony was given extra matins to say on our account. Little Agnes, who attended St. Mary's College, No-

(Continued on page 310)

BON VOYAGE

by Jimmy Montana

St. Louis, Mo.
July 3

My darling husband Joe,

I found this card at the train station and thought I would let you know that I am thinking of you. I arrived here in perfect health and good spirits. I can hardly wait to see Mother. Hope that you're taking care of the children and that you're finding enough to eat.

There's Bill calling for me, so I guess that I had better go.

Love,
Mary

Dallas, Texas
July 5

My dearest wife Mary,

Elated to receive your card. Give my regards to your mother and tell the old battle-axe to take care of you while you're there. The kids and I are fine and everything has been going smoothly except for the time that little Egbert tied the baby to that big tree in the front yard and then piled paper and sticks around her. I got there in time to put the fire out and, actually, no harm was done. I gave him a very severe lecture on the evils of arson. Which reminds me; he's loose in the kitchen with some matches and I smell smoke. Write soon.

All my love,
Joe

P. S. Who's Bill?

St. Louis, Mo.
July 7

My darling Joe,

Mother and I got your letter this morning. Was glad to know that you are all right.

Mother says that you're like all other men—you just can't trust anyone, not even your own wife. Bill is one of my girlhood flames and you can imagine how thrilled I was when I met him at the station. He offered to drive me home and,

naturally, I couldn't refuse. He also asked me to go to dinner with him tonight. I don't see how I could refuse that, either, since it was for old times' sake. Goodness, I haven't seen him for years and years. Besides, he's so debonair and mannerly.

Be sure and give the baby her bath every night and make Egbert brush his teeth and wash his ears. Oh, yes, Joe, don't let the children play with matches. Mother says they take after you and it wouldn't be safe.

Don't you be going out at night and leaving the children at home alone. I've heard that men do things like that. Not that I think you would, but Mother says that you never can tell.

'Bye now. I've got to rush if I make it to dinner with Bill.

Remember I love you and be sweet.

Love,
Mary

Dallas, Texas
July 10

Mary Darling,

I remember Bill now. He's the creep that was always chewing bubble gum, isn't he?

About the smoke I mentioned in my last letter, it wasn't anything to worry about. Eggy had built a campfire in the bath tub and was about to fry the goldfish but I stopped him. I've got things going smoothly now. The kids and I reached an understanding after I made it plain to them who was boss. My trouble with the kids really started when Becky refused to become leash-broken. I guess that I had better explain that fully, though. You see, I was having a rather difficult time watching both of the kids and I was just about at my wit's end when I saw a lady walking down the street with a dog and it immediately gave me an idea. I figured that I could watch one of the brats OK, so I fixed a leash for Becky and put it around her neck—of course, I left it loose enough that it wouldn't choke her—and made Eggy hold on to it. That way, he watched Becky and I watched

him. But Becky didn't seem to approve of the idea and she took her spite out on Egbert and, brother, did she wage a battle royal against him! I watched them fight for a while, but she started choking Eggy and I made her stop when he turned blue. Duty bound, I found it necessary to take rather drastic steps with her. I put her on half rations until her behavior improves. I had to take rather harsh action with Egbert, too. He tied the cat to the ceiling fan. Everything is under control now and I only told you all the above so you would know that I am equal to anything that may come up. So you see, you needn't worry.

By the way, how is your mother? Tell the old sourpuss "Hello" for me and the kids.

Love,
Joe

P.S. Won't people talk if you go to dinners and dances with Bill?

St. Louis, Mo.
July 12

My dearest Joe,

How's my hubby and children? Are they missing me?

Now you listen to me, Joe Sullivan; you start giving poor little Rebecca her food. Mother said that a man who was cruel to his own children would be mean to his wife, too. The very idea; starving your own child! How could you? Mother says that I shouldn't go home to you and she said I should bring the children up here and live with her.

I had the grandest time last night. Bill took me to the theater and afterwards we went driving. He's got the cutest convertible.

The children must get tired of staying at home with you all the time. Why don't you take them to a movie or something; it'll do them good to get out a little. Just be sure that you take the children with you. If I come home, Joe Sullivan, and hear that you've been running around—!

Bill's here again, so I'll have to go. Don't worry about the neighbors talking. Old Mrs. Grant, the lady next door and the biggest gossip in town, told Mother, "Mary and Bill make a much better couple than she and that big oaf that she married do. Bill's so nice and so refined." So you see, you really have nothing to worry about. People think that Bill and I are all right together.

Don't forget to watch the children and keep them off the streets; they're too small to know better. 'Bye. Write.

Love,
Mary

Dallas, Texas
July 15

My darling wife,

I'll try and write you a short letter before I go to bed. We decided to take your advice and go to a burlesque show. We just got back and I've got the kids tucked safely in bed. Had quite a time getting them to sleep, though. Egbert kept wanting a drink. So I kept giving him one. He's stinking drunk now, but it's his own fault; looks like he would know when to stop. But back to the show; I don't think that it appealed to Becky, but Egbert yelled and applauded as much as any of the men. He was so interested that, all the way home, he kept asking questions about it. But don't worry; I knew that he was too young to be talking about such things, so I just kept telling him to be quiet.

We had soup for dinner again tonight. In fact, we're all beginning to look like soup cans.

I hate to bring the subject up again, but this old flame of yours is getting in my hair. I'll bet Becky's scalp that that geek of a mother of yours is egging him on. By the way, tell the old hag "Hello" for me.

'Bye for now.

Love,
Joe

St. Louis, Mo.
July 17

My dearest Joe,

Just you wait until I get home! Mother read your letter and she said that you had been taking the children to burlesque shows. You stop that right this instant!

Mother says that brutes like you don't deserve girls like me. You stop feeding Egbert and Rebecca soup, too. Mother says you could take them uptown to eat if you weren't so tight-fisted. Oh, yes, Bill and I are having dinner on the Magnolia Roof tonight. Wish you could be here. Then you could take Bill's wife to dinner with us and she wouldn't have to stay home, either.

Be nice to the children, Joe. You know how delicate and sensitive small children are. Remember to be careful about your language, too.

Mary
Joe

Dallas, Texas
July 20

Dearest Mary,

Since it's just a few more days now until you'll be coming home, we're getting the house ready for you. Egbert and Becky have finished

redecorating the parlor. It was just a happy coincidence that we stumbled onto the new design that we used on the paper. It all started when Eggy put his muddy hand on the wall paper. Naturally, it left a rather dirty mark that was entirely too conspicuous. But, as I always do when I try, I found a rather clever solution. I had Eggy and Becky take their muddy little hands and smear mud all over the paper. Now all the walls look alike and you can't tell where he put his hand to begin with. And if I do say so myself, it is a rather novel and pleasing pattern. As a matter of fact, it is so sensational that our neighbor, Mrs. Lewis, took one look and was so stunned by its cleverness and originality that she ran enviously out of the house. All in all, I was rather pleased with myself and I decided that since we had gotten off to such a good start, the kids and I would entirely redecorate the house and surprise you when you came home. But good things can't wait so I'll tell you about it now. First we painted all the ceilings red and the bathroom is now finished in a beautiful purple. Won't the neighbors be surprised? Some of the red ceiling paint dropped on the chairs and the floor—however it makes a pleasing pattern on the carpets. Since the chairs were spotted up and since the children seem to show a deep interest in Chinese customs (Take Becky, for example. She had much rather sit on the floor than sit in a chair and you know yourself how hard it is to make her eat with a fork or a spoon.), I decided to give them actual experience in Chinese habits. So we have arranged the house in Chinese fashion. All the chairs are now in the attic along with the tables. It is much better this way. You would be surprised at how much more room we have.

I hear Becky screaming to be let out of the closet so I guess I had better turn her loose. She's been in there ever since noon. She wanted more than popcorn for lunch. Seems she wasn't satisfied with what her father was providing her, so I am teaching her respect and admiration for her parents. Hurry home, we're all waiting. 'Bye.

Love,
Joe

P.S. About Bill; I don't like him. Why didn't you tell me he was married. You should be ashamed of yourself—running around with a married man. Remember, you're a Sullivan now!

St. Louis, Mo.
July 22

Dearest Joe,

I guess that I'll start home tomorrow even

though it is against Mother's better judgment. She says that—that animals like you aren't worth a wife's devotion. Honestly, Joe, sometimes I think you're just a child and Mother agrees with me.

Please just leave the house alone until I get there. I'm sure it looks nice—but isn't it a wee bit odd?

I'll try to catch the morning train tomorrow. Don't worry about me. Bill is taking me to the station.

'Bye for today.

Love,
Mary

Dallas, Texas
July 30

Dear Mother-in-law,

I am writing these few lines for Mary while she is preparing dinner. She is having quite a bit of trouble as the can opener is broken and a can opener is the only way that I can think of to open a can of soup.

We have re-arranged and repainted the house. It is now finished in a bright yellow with green trimming. This is the result of a compromise. We have persuaded Egbert to let us bring the chairs and tables down from the attic and we have reconverted to American customs even though the kids are still yelling about it. However, it just so happens that I am holding a razor strop in my left hand and pretty soon they will really be yelling.

Mary says to tell Bill that she is sorry but she will not be able to write his^{as} planned, due to the fact that she now realizes that her husband is the only man for her. Also tell him that there is no need to try to write her as all incoming mail will be strictly censored. In short, I do not like the bubble-gum chewing jerk. He is a first-class drip.

Also, dear Mother-in-law, I have decided that it would be best if Mary did not come to see you next summer. She always comes home with a low opinion of men, especially her husband. That does not make for happiness. We regret that it will be impossible for you to come down here to see us as an alternative. We are moving to Lower Slop-polovia. Try and find us.

Love,
Mary and Joe,

P.S. You wouldn't be interested in keeping two quiet, well-mannered children ten or fifteen years, would you?

A Long Dream

Elizabeth R. Madden



It was a strange place for Gustav Boroka to be. Strange, because it meant the law, and that was the one thing in the world he feared. It was more than fear he felt; it was terror. Bitterness for the people who had brought him here, was perhaps the worst thing he had to fight, but he kept his eyes carefully away from them.

He could see himself sitting in the witness chair, but it was as if it was someone else—a little gnome of a man, thick set, shoulders rounded, powerful bow-like arms swinging, the clumsy club foot dragging along, unconsciously, and accepted. The face parchment-brown under a thicket-like mop of black hair.

Someone interrupted his thoughts: "The defense will please take the stand." He stepped up to the chair.

"Place your hand on the Bible and repeat after me:" It was only the last few words he understood, "the whole truth"...

"I do not have to swear to tell the truth. I tell the truth without swearing it."

The Judge leaned forward in his chair. "The Court asks you to repeat the oath, as a witness, your testimony can be accepted only under oath."

The Law had spoken, and he laid his hands on the book, seeing for the first time the gnarled knobs and blunt fingers, against the white page, surprised that his hand looked that way.

The lawyer who had come to help him stepped close to his chair:

"Will you tell the Court your name?"

He glared back at him, but gave it grudgingly: "Gustav Boroka."

"Are you an American citizen, Mr. Boroka?"

"Nearly a year now; I have my papers."

His lawyer was asking again: "Mr. Boroka, will you tell the Court just what happened in your building on the night of January 16th, last?"

Gustav looked around, bewildered, "I don't understand who is the Court I should tell." His voice was deep and shaky. Stark fear was creeping over him, he could feel it coming out in his voice. "I can tell it is so I knock Kovac down and bust him up. Intent to kill, they say—that I don't know. But, who is it I shall tell? And I should tell, it's not just Kovac I was knocking down—that's only how I can tell it."

"Mr. Boroka," the Judge was leaning forward again. "You want to tell what happened in your own words, in the way you can tell it best, don't you?"

Gustav eagerly nodded his head. He was afraid the mist in his eyes was going to roll out on his cheek. Relief, gratefulness for the patient understanding voice was pushing back fear. He was not afraid to tell just what happened. It was better to tell it just like it happened. Words were crowding, they were coming, but when he heard them they didn't sound like his own voice, but they were getting louder.

"Ten years ago I come to this country. In Poland I lived with my father. He was a shoemaker; he made shoes and mended shoes. We had food to eat, but not like we have in this country. My father wanted to buy land, so he saved, and his children and his wife saved—and he bought his farm. He ploughed it, and all of his children ploughed and planted and worked with him, manuring the side hills, making the land rich, good ground for his wheat fields."

The lawyers from across the platform were on their feet calling, "Objections, objections." He saw his own lawyer look at the Judge with a worried frown on his face, but the Judge only raised his hand, half whispering, "Let the witness proceed." He went on again.

"That is when The Party came. They took my father's land, one piece, then another piece. They

showed my father a flag, and said it was 'The Party's' flag, and it meant his land must go into the 'Kolkhoz.' His lawyer stopped him and whispered a question. Turning to the Judge he explained, 'Kolkhoz' means collective farming, your Honor."

Gustav felt he had to hold on tight now, because the wild tears were already running down his cheeks like runaway streams. He was holding on to his chair to ease the hard breathing that was hurting his throat. The big room was quiet, the only sound came from the tapping of a typewriter in an adjoining room. But they were telling him to proceed.

"My father was fighting them. 'It's my land. No one can take it away from me.' So they took my father away, and then my mother, and I have never seen them since."

"I came to this country. I worked until I could buy my hammers, and my tacks and needles. Then I start my own shop. I marry Maria. She worked in the factory for the war and made guns and shells, and made money, lots of money. So we buy a little shop. I was afraid, but Maria isn't afraid. Then we made it a bigger shop, and we save more and more, and make a store, and upstairs a big room. Maria said that we would rent for meetings and clubs to pay the taxes and the mortgage..."

"Mr. Boroka, will you tell what happened on the night of January 16th, now." The Judge was leaning towards him again.

Gustav nodded. "We fix the big hall, and Maria buys a big flag, an American flag, the biggest one she can find, and we tack it on the wall... for the meetings and parties. From the town last January, came this Gyla Kovac. He is a smart man, he tells me. His hair shines like black polish. I do not like him anyhow. He wants my building for a meeting. So he pays me first, more than the others pay. It is good money.

"When the meeting night comes, the people crowd to my building and go up the stairs. They talk loud and holler and clap hands and stamp their feet. My woman and I go up the back stairs and we listen to the speeches, but we didn't hear them good, so we are coming back down. Then Maria stumbles and falls. She looks down to see what it is. There we found our American flag, dirty, torn where it was pulled down, and kicked into the back room. Maria, she picks it up, wipes it with her apron, and cries, and holds it in her arms. I am mad as a bull. I go back to the hall where Kovac is hollering and waving his hands. He is

yelling about 'rights, and little people,' and everyone is hollering too. But what I see back of him is what is making me crazy. It's a flag, another kind... No, it's not a new one to me. I have seen that flag before, on my father's land." He stopped short, half rising out of his chair...

The lawyers were up again, screaming objections, but the Judge was saying... "The Court accepts that the witness must explain in his own words what took place on the night in question."

Gustav didn't hear, he was talking. "That is when I knock Kovac down, and when he gets up I knock him down again, and I kick him too. I take the flag from my woman, and hold it against me tight. Then it is I feel the hammer in my pocket, my shoe shop hammer. I pull it out, and make towards the people screaming and coming at me. I know what they mean; they want to take me and my building like they did to my father. I go after them with a hammer."

He looked around then. He felt something loosening his stretched mouth. "Kovac don' get up. I grab his leg and pull him to the stairs, and holler, 'Come, get him, or I'm throwing him down.' They run up and carry him away. That is him, there," pointing to a man sitting across from him, and looking from under his brow at the Judge. "That is what happened in my building on that night, you want to know. Intent to kill? That I don' known. Maybe so."

"That is all, Mr. Boroka. You may step down."

Gustav walked over and sat down beside his wife. He felt her hard, work-worn hand come over and cover his, and hold it.

There was much talk. People he didn't know were telling things he hardly heard. Lawyers were hollering words, but he didn't listen. His memory had always been too clear. He could close his eyes any time and remember things that were stark and ugly. Long after he heard the Judge talking to the men, the Jury, his lawyer said they were. The Judge left the room, and the men in the long box left too. People were going out, but he and Maria sat on. Maria went out and brought a bottle of coffee, but he couldn't drink it. They just sat and waited.

People were coming in again, one by one, in groups. The lawyers were back, and the Judge came into the room. He knew it only because they all stood up. He looked up and around at some ripple and commotion. He must have been dreaming, but it was the men coming back to the box

(Continued on page 308)

VALLEY OF PALMS—apt reference out of antiquity for the Coachella Valley where every known palm tree in the world can be grown. It's more than mere reference, as many a Coachella inhabitant affirms: "A fitting name, with every kind of the 382 varieties of palms growing here."

A look at the palm itself reveals that the oldest records of ancient civilization tell of proper culture of the palm. Along the Nile and in isolated Saharan oases, people made the palm their sacred emblem. Romans used it as an emblem. The ancient Greeks decorated the heads of their heroes with it and named the Phoenicians from the word Phoenix, which is Saharan for palm. In our present day, the United States' coins bear a wreath of palms. To all Christian nations the waving palm is emblematic of peace, and eventual glory.

It is little wonder that the Saharans call the date palm "an emerald bud in a scarlet of gold," for the wood of the palm furnishes lumber for dwellings, fans, paper, fiber, fuel, water troughs and pipe. The date from the palm, besides a staple food, supplies them with wine, resin, sugar and oil.

It is said that from each locality in that mysterious north Africa and Arabia the date has special power. The giant Sultana date, from the lost oasis of Siwan, is supposed to make its owner prosperous. That saying holds true in the Coachella Valley.

Growing in oases in canyons bordering the Coachella are native palms, the *Washingtonia filifera* (with threads), and the *robusta*. The column of the *filifera* is stouter than the *robusta* and attains a height of thirty feet. The graceful *robusta* is easily recognized with its slender column, oftentimes as tall as sixty feet.

No botanist ventures the age of these natives, though their genus dates beyond the Giant Redwoods. Their origin is not known; yet some have found palm wood in limestone deposits said by geologists to be from the saber-tooth tiger era—or 250,000 years ago.

The oases of Coachella are remnants of a once great forest of palms, existing today because of water seepages from the San Andreas Fault Line, this water held in underground lakes formed by mineralized clay strata and rimrock.

Little history of our native palms is found other than the Journals of Father Garces, that intrepid missionary of the great heart, who wandered for three years alone throughout the Southwest, 250 years ago. Again, in 1846, Major W. H. Emory, under General Kearney on his conquest of Southern California, listed in his diary, "canyons filled with cabbage trees."

To the nomadic Indian the palm oasis was El Dorado. In cool shade, where water was certain to be pure, he made his camp during the ripening of the palm berry, and again at the harvest of the mesquite beans. Indian traces are still to be found in old campsites and graves near oases.

Most startling discovery I have made was the unearthing in Thousand Palms Canyon of a twelve inch spearhead which the Shouthwest Museum believes to be Aztec in design. It is red jasper, and shines as if it were coated with varnish.



A SOUTHERN

by Paul Wilhelm



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DESERT VALLEY
THE COACHELLA -- "VALLEY OF PALMS"

Photos by Kirkpatrick

1949

THE GRAIL

305

Another interesting discovery was a delicately wrought silver spoon with a French inscription on the back, and the date, 1764, tantalizing to the imagination. Can this be a relic from Garces, "who," according to the diary of Father Font, de Anza's chaplain, "seems like an Indian himself... and eats the Indian food with great gusto?"

And so, the Coachella inhabitants insist, "Valley of Palms," adding emphatically, "with the three major east-west highways through the valley lined with gracefully swaying palms, in the moonlight glancing burnished silver, wed'd have the prettiest darned valley on earth."

No doubt the vision was revealed to them when they glimpsed into alluring tints of palm-filled canyons bordering their valley empire, the illumination and final test of how well they have done for the desert's own approval.

For no matter how ingeniously the desert may be harnessed to date, vegetable, tourist and cotton production, the desert's own sky remains above, as its own mountains still look down on all that has been or ever will be. This is not only what the Coachella inhabitants are working with; it is the true justification of what they are working for.

Note: With the exception of the date and the coconut, palms are little cultivated, the wild species being relied upon for commercial purposes. Even these species and those used for sugar, arrack, etc., are usually planted in favorable situations and allowed to shift for themselves after once becoming established or even before. For ornamental purposes, however, more or less care is given the young trees used in warm climates for bordering avenues, and as lawn or garden specimens.

During the closing decade of the 19th century palms sprang into popularity as greenhouse and house plants, for which purposes and for decorating halls, churches, hotels, lobbies, etc., about a dozen species have become deservedly popular, not only because of their graceful appearance, but because of their ease of cultivation. Many other species are also found in private conservatories. In the United States the chief centre of palm production for these purposes is the Middle Western States, but the South is also increasing its area devoted to ornamental palms. The plants are nearly all grown from imported seeds sown in warm green-



The exotic Palm Canyon, south of Palm Springs, brings thousands of visitors each year.

houses. In some cases the seeds require months or even more than a year to germinate; but usually a month or two is sufficient. In many cases the young seedlings resemble one another, whether they will develop into pinnate-leaved or fan-leaved specimens.

EDITORIAL NOTE

The author of this article knows whereof he speaks. For the past sixteen years (except for a period of service with the Armed Forces) he has dwelt in a small oasis of the California desert—"where the wind whispers in the palms ... the breath from out of the North flowering all those aisles of sandy plains with color and fragrance."

"People told me the desert was a devil. They judged by its color and heat. They said it was the cause of death and failure and heartache. 'Stay away from it,' they said. 'It is the offspring of defeat. It will sap you and destroy you. It will smother you and kill you.' But they were mistaken. Here in the wilderness, wandering behind my burros, I have found it to be a land of rest, of peace, and utter contentment. During these peaceful, settled years, we two, the desert and I, have been alone."



Date Palms from Africa and Arabia lend to the Valley of the Palms the feel of the Sahara. \$3,000,000 is the average date produce annually in the Coachella.



A LONG DREAM

(Continued from page 303)

that made all the excitement around. The room was crowded again. His brain felt bemuddled now. *Now—now*—this was the time they would tell him. In this country they would take him away—but to a prison they called it here.

A queer kind of silence was all over the room. Frightening in its muffled sound. Maria's hand was tighter on his now. The Judge was asking a question. A man at the end of the row sat up and answered him:

"We find the defendant 'Not Guilty,' your Honor."

A second of hushed breathing. Then a wild commotion broke. Clapping hands. People whose faces were a blur. Neighbors, customers, young people, old people. Grabbing his hand. He could hardly understand it. Maria had left his side, and was crying hard, across the room from him. He looked at her helplessly. She ran back and kissed him. His lawyer, was beside him, laughing. Now he must ask the question:

"This—I don't have to go to prison?"

"No prison, Gustav. You're a good American citizen. There never will be a prison for you."

He was too bewildered to feel any happiness. There was something else pushing forward in his mind. *Now—now* he had to do it. *Now*, he must tell the truth. He had thought, "No, No, I won't tell them.... But, this was different...."

He looked up at the high bench. The Judge had stepped down, and he saw him entering a small room, outside the big door. He arose and hurried after him. He stepped timidly inside the door. The half smile on the face of the Judge helped him to talk.

"Honorable Judge, I have something else to say. I didn't tell all. I didn't tell the way I should tell it."

The Judge was looking at him with wide, cold eyes. Then his face fell into the regular lines. It was that look that hurt Gustav more than anything that had happened.

"What is it you have to say?"

"This—" he drew from his pocket, inside the big coat, a hammer. This is what I had that night." He raised his head and looked at the Judge.

"I didn't hit Kovac with it, Judge. They tell the men I did—but I didn't. He didn't get up after I found it in my hand. I was going to hit him for pulling down my American flag. And I was going to hit the others that helped him. But Kovac didn't get up, and they ran, and there was nobody there to hit. But I was going to do it, Judge."

The Judge sat very still for a long time. Gustav saw something though. Maybe he was wrong, but it looked like a little smile, almost. But he didn't smile, he stood up and put his arm around Gustav's shoulder.

"Gustav, the Court cannot deal with what did not happen. You may have intended to do wrong, but that is a matter you will have to take up with a higher Judge than I am. This Court has no jurisdiction over your intentions." He held out his hand to Gustav. Instead of taking it, Gustav extended the hammer to him,

"Honorable Judge, would you like to have my hammer. It's a fine hammer. I made it myself. You cannot buy a hammer like this one."

"But you must have need for your hammer, Gustav. Why should you like to give it to me?"

"I have no need for it, Judge. I mend no more shoes. I have a store and I sell shoes. Before I knew about Courts, I keep it—now I know I don't need it in this country." He laid it on the desk—and being a simple man, not able to explain in his humble way, that a long, long dream had just come true—a dream that he would one day be able to speak his own thoughts in words of his own choosing—that one day he would be able to walk through the streets at evening unafraid—not knowing how to say what he felt—he turned and walked out of the courtroom with the dignity of a free American citizen.

Pull, Mother Pull

The story is told of an old lady who lay friendless and dying in the infirmary of the county poor farm. As she lay there looking up at the dull lifeless ceiling decorated here and there with a discolored patch of damp wall paper, she was tempted to despair. All her good deeds of eighty-one years seemed useless for eternity; her sins were vivid and as real as living horrors about her bed. At that moment she held up her rosary towards heaven and with a smile of hopefulness said to Our Lady: "Pull, Lady Mother, Pull."

HAZARDS of a Housewife

Owenita Sanderlin



NE of the big jokes around our house is, "Don't make Mother mad! She's in the State of Grace."

I go to Confession on a Saturday and come home all sweetness and light. I'm going to be *such* a good wife and mother! The baby throws his arms around my knees, looking so cute with those yellow curls his big sisters tie up in ribbons and his Daddy says hame to come *off*—God love him...

And then the next minute Johnny is peering artlessly into the refrigerator with a dozen eggs dripping gooily around his fat little feet.

"No, No!" How many times have I told him the refrigerator is *Verboten*—that's German to him, too, and he doesn't "get" it, or doesn't care to. But being in the State of Grace, I just set him firmly in another spot, with something to keep him occupied for a few minutes, and wipe up the goo. If you have ever wiped up raw scrambled eggs (at seventy cents the dozen!), you know what I mean; the only thing I can think of that is worse is a smashed quart of milk, including the bottle.

But of course, he's too young to know any better... About the time I am assuring myself of this my older children come roaring into the kitchen like three fire-engines with their sirens wide open, screaming, "Mother, we're starved! Why don't you ever give us something to eat?"

"Give me time," I say, with infinite patience, "I'm just whipping up an omelette." The humor is lost on all but my nine-year-old, who goes into such fits of giggles over the glass of water she is drinking that I have to administer artificial respiration.

I prepare enormous quantities of food, which won't be enough, thinking of that article I read about the children in Europe... and resolve to get off another box to "the rest of our family" whom we have never seen. My trips between sink and skillet are fraught with perils—Mary jumping rope in the middle of my kitchen floor and, at regular intervals, David and Frea chasing each other a-

round the house. Next time I make the floor-plans for a house it will *not* include facilities for a track-meet. Our "track" runs from the dining room through the hall through the kitchen to the dining room again. There aren't even any doors to break the circle.

"Watch out!" I shriek, making sure I have turned all the panhandles in on the stove, and calling upon all their guardian angels as they shoot by. The shriek is still very dulcet and sweet... I am still in the State of Grace.

Perhaps I should order them out of the kitchen while I cook, but all the books I read say that in a really homey sort of home, the kitchen should be the gathering place for the whole family, a cozy place where Junior can do his homework, and Big Sister can listen to the radio while she puts her hair up in curlers and Baby can crawl about the floor with the kittens.

Our kitchen is certainly cozy—four by six feet of actual floor space when not covered by boots and rubbers. But I'm still holding out against the kittens. I expect to give in any day now, though. Children should have pets. Oh, I do agree. Seven-year-old Mary, my stubbornest child, who is bent on a puppy, keeps reading me articles in magazines which say, "All children should have pets."

"I don't get enough affection," she reads indignantly. "What does that word mean, Mother?"

"Love," I say tenderly, giving her a big hug. "And you shall have a puppy, darling—uh—maybe next summer. Then the baby will be old enough not to pull his tail."

I suppose because I've never had a puppy, it seems so much simpler to me just to have another baby, though they tell me babies don't count. But puppies seem to get sick and die, and then the children are heart-broken. We did have a kitten for a while, but he scratched the baby (quite understandably since Johnny was squeezing him like one of those stuffed animals which squeak!) so when kitty got lost I wasn't too sorry.

But there is no doubt about it, we will have to get that *pet*. (The small squirming things that David brings in from the Great Outdoors don't

seem to count either; it has to be a cat, a dog, or a pony.) Ha, ha! If anyone can tell me where I would put a *pony*!

But anyhow, supper finally gets on the table with me still in the State of Grace and the children unscalded. Frea, who has been howling with hunger for a half-hour, has now disappeared with her favorite book, *Truth Was Their Star*, about some of the saints when they were little, and she can't be routed out of her big chair with bells or whistles. By the time I penetrate her consciousness, David has dashed outdoors to play, but finally, with Pop's help, we get them all rounded up and seated around the table—in chairs which have to be brought from all over the house as we don't have enough to go 'round!

I sit on the edge of my chair long enough to say Grace with them, then leap up to serve the food, mash potatoes, cut meat, put chocolate in somebody's milk, scrape some more carrots, butter some more bread, and then sink thankfully back in my chair to eat my lukewarm but still very desirable meal.

About this time they all yell, "What's for desert?" so I stagger up again, figuring I can eat in peace when they are all through—which is cold comfort, or anyhow cold potatoes. But the *worst* of it is, I get to thinking I should have taught them better table manners—ah, I'm a terrible mother!

A dish comes hurtling out of the high chair, spraying its contents all over my newly-washed hair, floor, and woodwork, and I jump up yelling, "No, No Johnny!" in a voice which hasn't one shred of sweetness and light. (Only hope the neighbors didn't hear.)

'Im tired, I'm hungry, and I couldn't possibly still be in the State of Grace, could I? So now I can't receive Communion tomorrow because I really got *mad*.

My husband says sure, I can receive Communion, and looks sympathetic, so I say an act of perfect contrition and all the children look awed because of that horrible, screechy voice, and they keep perfectly quiet for ten solid minutes, and hover around hugging me and offering to do things for me, such as washing the dishes, which is purely miraculous.

Maybe blowing up occasionally pays off, huh? Or maybe it was the example of one of the little saints in *Truth Was Their Star*.

Well, they are good children. I decide I haven't done so badly after all, though I really have to give most of the credit to God. They were born

that way. And Pop picks this strategic moment to lay down the law like a good old Victorian father: "Nobody allowed in the kitchen while Mother is getting dinner—or any other meal." I don't even protest. Maybe some day we will have a kitchen that has more *room* to be homey.

MY BROTHER, ANTHONY

(Continued from page 298)

tre Dame, was as unconcerned about Anthony's decorum as Frank. Anthony's baby sister, she had a great admiration amounting almost to worship of our Anthony. Agnes and her friends (girls, of course) made it a point to hike where they expected to see Anthony, so they could visit with him and ply him with questions about their current problems. The young men in holy habit got so they all enjoyed the joke on also-habited Anthony, who had to be polite to the bevy of girls chatting merrily to him while they joined in with the Seminarians' stately afternoon walk. Anthony may have blushed, but he never did let on whether the sisterly visits were gratefully received. He probably had to make daily explanations to the Provincial!

Anthony was the eldest of us six: four boys, two girls. When Anthony was ordained, our uncle, Father Urban Habig, O.F.M., was an honored co-celebrant of the First Solemn Mass. And afterward, Father Urban addressed our united family: an enormous number we add up to. It was a story that brought us all tears. And one we had none of us heard before, a secret between Father Urban and our Mother. When he first-born had come—like us all, at home—she had offered him to the service of God, if it be His Will!

No wonder Anthony makes a wonderful priest! People write us from Washington, telling about his moving sermons; especially touching are his vocation texts. Once a reporter went to the rectory where Anthony was a visiting preacher and wanted to know more about him.

And Anthony's first love? His art? Well, Anthony never mentions anything to us. But you know, art exhibits have a way of getting into newspapers. Art Awards keep pouring into his congregation. At one time this spring, we happened to run onto the information that ten different pieces of his art were simultaneously on display across the country. He is being credited with bringing Art back to the Church where it was born and nurtured.

You know, we're kind of proud of our artist-priest, my brother, Anthony.

DOS HOMBRES

...FUERON AL TEMPLO PARA REZAR....

TWO men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican. The Pharisee, canting his virtues, told God what a good man he was. The Publican, striking his breast in humility, stated his unworthiness. Which man went away exalted....

I've heard this gospel explained so many times in English that I will understand every word that the good padre will say this morning. His Spanish is so beautiful, and he articulates so clearly. It seems that he speaks distinctly for the special benefit of us expatriates. I remember when I lived in Colombia I had to sit right under the pulpit in order to understand two or three words of any sentence.. Those three little children in front of me are going to give me trouble today. Why don't they keep their feet still, and they have sand on the soles of their shoes. Scuffling! Scuffling! I am missing so much of what the priest is saying, and I must not lose the thread of his discourse so early in the sermon.

DIOS SABE TODO DE NOSOTROS...

God knows all about us. We don't need to tell Him how good we are.

Look at that dog running up the aisle. Such disrespect! Why don't people lock up their dogs? At home an usher would have got the dog at the door so that it would not distract us. There is not even an usher in this Church. And some times the altar boy forgets to take up the collection.

MATERIALIDAD NO IMPORTA. *It is the spirit that is important.*

Yes, Father, material things do not last very long. This missal is frayed already.

I wonder who that black, black woman is. She must be an Islander, maybe a Trinidadian. But she is listening so attentively. Probably she knows more Spanish than I do. If I could only hear the priest better. Maybe we should have sat farther up in front where there would be fewer distractions.. Those two big girls over there are giggling. Silly teen-agers. One of them ought to wash and iron that white veil she is wearing. But I suppose

she'll throw it away before she would think of washing it.

HAY QUE Luchar LA MATERIALIDAD.
We must battle materiality.

I guess so. There goes that raucous radio across the street. Those people have no respect for the priest or religion or God. Of course they never had an opportunity. There wasn't any Church here at all until eight months ago, and the priest has a tough time here in the heart of this wilderness. His is a thankless job. But he certainly is zealous. Maybe after a generation or so his work will begin to show results in this community. I guess he's had worse assignments than this one. They say he was down in the jungles south of Orinoco. At least he has clean drinking water here and electricity. But he can't seem to get the people into the Church. There are hardly any adults present today. It is the same way every Sunday. And those children are not listening to one word that the priest is saying. Am I?

DIOS, NUESTRO SENOR, NOS DA TODO, Y PARA QUE...

God, our Father in heaven, gives us everything we need, and because of that...

Why doesn't that big girl take that crying infant outside? Imagine a two-year-old baby being here without its mother. These people just do not seem to realize what a nuisance a child can be in Church. Noise! Noise! Noise! They seem to enjoy noise. And the walls here are so hard and bare that they magnify every sound.. Oh, well, it may not be long before I shall be back in the U. S. A. where the Churches are havens of quiet. "Haven of quiet." That is a trite expression. But it would not be a trite expression in this country because these people have never known a haven of quiet. My! The felks at home have a beautiful Church. I wish some of the parishioners at St. Mary's had to sit in this pew for one sermon. They would

Elizabeth Angino

realize what it means to live in a foreign country. The back of the pew is vertical, and that sharp slat is cutting my shoulder blades. Little does my mother understand what we have to put up with here. It is really difficult. My mother is a saint, though.... I must listen more closely the way my mother does during a sermon.

...QUE TENGAD FE EN LA BONDAD DE DIOS....

Have faith in the goodness of God....

Yes, the priest is right. I suppose I should be counting my blessings. But will he ever stop preaching this morning. This has been going on now for twenty-one minutes. I thought he limits his talks to twenty minutes, but maybe not. He could really do just as much good with a shorter sermon, I think.

Look, there are some late arrivals. It is three minutes to nine. And they are going all the way up to the very front pew, and not one is genuflecting. You'd think they'd have learned that from us Americans by this time, but I guess some people just never learn.

EXAMINEN SU CONSCIENCIA...

Examine my conscience?

Mine?

TENEMOS QUE DAR NOS CUENTA DE LA ESPIRITUALIDAD....

"Into Thy hands I commend my soul."

Maybe those people who came in late and did not genuflect have a lot more sanctity than I have.

ES MENESTER SER PUBLICANO...

"Oh, God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

I am a Pharisee. God forgive me!

OCTOBER AND SAINT JOSEPH

MAYTEEL JEDASH

On August 15, 1889, Pope Leo XIII issued an encyclical, "Quamquam Pluries," in which he decreed that a "prayer to St. Joseph shall be added to the recitation of the Rosary during October this order shall be observed in future years in perpetuity. To those who shall piously recite this prayer, We grant them singly an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for each recitation." The Holy Father was speaking here of the well-known prayer "Unto thee, O Blessed Joseph," which ever since his decree has been recited after the Rosary during October devotions. To the Faithful who say this prayer in months other than October there is granted an indulgence of 300 days once a day.

Thus it transpired that October, Mary's month of the Holy Rosary,

became in a special manner, St. Joseph's also. To all lovers of St. Joseph this seems no more than reasonable, since few Catholics devoted to Mary Immaculate are able to separate the two. It was St. Therese of Avila, a tenderly devoted client of the Foster Father of Jesus who wrote, "I know not how they (the Faithful) can think of the Queen of Angels—at the time she suffered so much on account of the Child Jesus—and not give thanks to St. Joseph for the assistance he gave them." Pope Leo XIII, like his predecessor Pius IX who declared St. Joseph Patron of the Universal Church, was of the same opinion regarding this saint. Both Popes worked tirelessly to extend and propagate veneration of St. Joseph.

Pope Leo explains in "Quamquam Pluries" that he ordered this prayer

to be addressed to St. Joseph after the October devotions because he felt that the only course left to mankind was to seek a remedy for the evils of his day (which are no less in ours) from Heaven Itself. He recommended, therefore, that the whole month of October be spent in the "greatest possible devotion and piety." He went on to point out that if Catholics have an ever ready refuge in the bounty of the Blessed Virgin, they ought no less to supplicate her most chaste spouse, St. Joseph. He assured the Faithful that such an approach to St. Joseph is both desirable and pleasing to the Virgin. This was borne out centuries before in a private revelation the Blessed Virgin made to St. Bridget of Sweden, wherein she praised Joseph highly.

Next to the Blessed Virgin, Pope

Leo wrote, "Joseph alone stands out in august dignity because he was the guardian of the Son of God by Divine appointment, and in the opinion of men, was His father—the blessed Patriarch must regard all the multitude of Christians who constitute the Church as confided to his care in a special manner. This is his numberless family—over which he rules with a sort of paternal authority because he is the husband of Mary and the father of Jesus Christ. Thus it is conformable to reason, and in every way becoming to Blessed Joseph that—by virtue of his heavenly patronage, he is in turn to protect and to defend the Church of Christ."

The Benedictine Order was among the first to honor St. Joseph and were always zealous in promoting devotion to him. The first mention uncovered to date is in a Martyrology of the Benedictine monastery of Reichenau. The date on which the commemoration was observed was March 19, St. Joseph's present Feast Day. The monastery of Reichenau was established by the Benedictines in 724 and placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Father Walafried Strabo, who was its Abbot for eleven years and who had a deep devotion to St. Joseph, is recorded as giving the first official approval of the saint's place in the Benedictine Martyrology. The Benedictine Monk, Rupert of Deutz, who lived in the twelfth century, was also devoted to St. Joseph and often defended the Saint's honor in his treatises on other subjects. The first known Church dedicated to St. Joseph, built in Bologna, Italy, in 1129, was in joint charge of the Benedictines and the parish priests. In 1140 this Order named St. Joseph secondary patron of their Church at Alcester, Warwickshire, in England. In the thirteenth century, records of the Benedictine monastery of St. Laurence at Liege, reveal a solemn commemoration of St. Joseph in their Divine Office. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, a Cistercian, (the cloistered branch of the Benedictines) is credited with composing the beautiful antiphon of St. Joseph frequently found in pre-Com-

munion prayers, "Happy wast thou, O Blessed Joseph, to whom it was given not only to see and to hear that God Whom many kings desired to see...."

But, in spite of his many advocates, not only in the Benedictine Order but also in the Carmelite, Servite, Franciscan, and Dominican Orders, it was not until the fifteenth century that the Mass of St. Joseph was generally celebrated in the Church's Liturgy throughout the cities of Europe. When the Society of Jesus was formed in 1534, the Jesuits immediately took up his cause, many of their most brilliant theologians wrote in defense of St. Joseph. Although he was highly honored in their individual monasteries, the Benedictines as an Order, did not officially adopt the Feast of St. Joseph until after the Council of Trent.

However, from the early half of the eighteenth century when Pope Clement XI assigned a proper Mass and Office for the Feast of St. Joseph, his Cultus has grown by leaps and bounds, and the Church, through Papal Bulls and Apostolic Briefs of her Pontiffs, showered him with honor after honor. The twentieth century has seen St. Joseph accorded signal honors of recognition: His Litany approved and indulgenced; his titular feast to be observed on the third Wednesday after Easter; March 19 lowered, then re-elevated to a double of the First class; his Preface approved and assigned for all masses of St. Joseph; naming him the Patron of Laboring men; his name inserted in the Divine Praises; and his name included in the special prayer said at the moment of death.

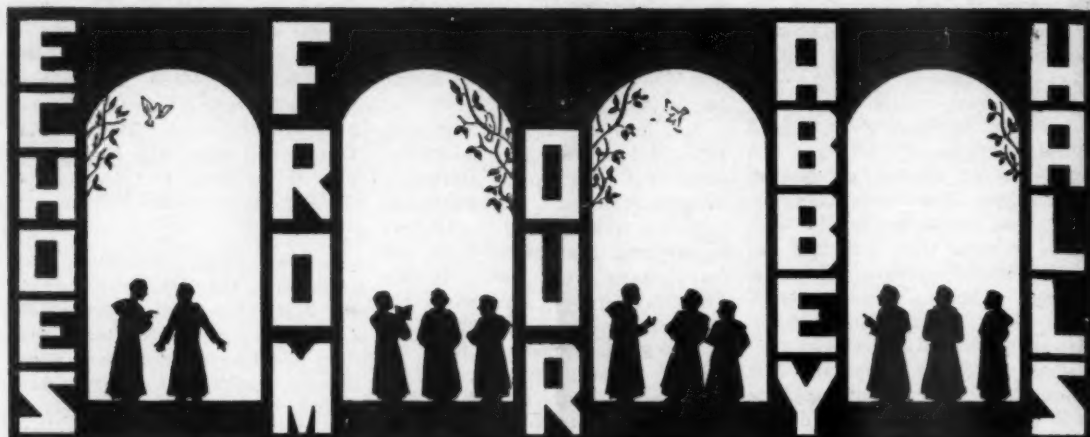
Since 1870, ardent advocates of St. Joseph's cause have been trying to gain recognition of a Cultus in his honor, whereby he will be mentioned in the official prayers of the Mass right after Mary Immaculate. They also hope to see St. Joseph accorded the honors of Protodulia, which is a veneration above that accorded any angel or saint, and is but one step below the honor given to the Blessed Virgin, that of Hyperdulia. This is no more than St.

Joseph deserves because of his dignity and exalted position as head of the Holy Family, plus his great personal sanctity.—It is a goal for which all lovers of St. Joseph should pray; that some day Holy Mother Church will grant him his rightful place in the Mass: an intention that should be kept in mind at least during October.

In conformity with Pope Leo's sentiments, the October prayer to St. Joseph is most affectionately couched in terms which loving children would appeal to a kind father. Joseph is saluted as the "watchful guardian of the Divine family, a most loving father, a most mighty protector." He is asked to be propitious to us, assist us in our struggle with the powers of darkness, shield us by his constant protection so that, supported by his example, "we may live piously, die holily, and obtain eternal happiness in heaven."

This prayer is especially appropriate in these disastrous times when the powers of darkness in the form of atheistic communism and other diabolical evils war against the Divine teachings of Holy Mother Church. Moreover, it assumes an especial significance in the light of Pope Pius XI's encyclical, "On Atheistic Communism," in which he named St. Joseph as our patron "in the vast campaign of the Church against world communism." This is a most logical appointment since it was St. Joseph who was chosen by God to shield Jesus and Mary, "the beginnings of the new Church." If he was the ardent defender of the Divine household, he is the even more able defender of the Mystical Bride of Christ, the Church.

Keeping these facts in mind, the prayer to St. Joseph in October Devotions should be recited with great fervor in the devout hope that his pleas, added to those of the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady of the Rosary, will obtain the Triumph of her heart so that Russia's conversion will end the menace of communism. Go to Joseph—"I cannot remember having asked him for anything which he did not obtain," says St. Therese of Avila.



Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

Father Justin Our New Prior

The most significant news since the last appearance of the Echoes is the appointment of Father Justin Snyder, O.S.B. as the new prior of St. Meinrad's Abbey. Father Justin officially entered upon his new duties August 13th. He replaces Father William Walker, O.S.B., our former prior, who left for his new post in Rome August 14th. Father William will be the instructor of clerics at Collegio San Anselmo, the International Benedictine college in Rome.

Father Justin, a native of Dexter, Indiana, entered the minor seminary of St. Meinrad's in September 1907. He was ordained to the priesthood in the Spring of 1918 by Bishop Chartrand. For the first three years after ordination Father Justin served as professor in the seminary here. In 1921 he was sent to the Indian mission of the Immaculate Conception at Stephan, South Dakota where he spent twenty-two of his thirty-one years of priesthood. After the death of Father Pius Boehm, O.S.B. in 1933 Father Justin was superior of this mission. In 1943, the year of his silver jubilee of priesthood he was appointed pastor of the parish at Dale, Indiana, a post he occupied until his recent appointment as prior. Father Justin brings to his important office the rich experience of a Benedictine missionary and the fruitful obedience

of thirty-seven years as a Benedictine monk. His sympathetic understanding of human nature as well as his keen sense of humor eminently fits him for his post as prior.

Father Jerome Named Chaplain at Ferdinand

Another appointment which directly affects our Grail readers is the transfer of Father Jerome Palmer, O.S.B. from his post as editor of *The Grail* to the chaplaincy of the Benedictine Motherhouse of the Immaculate Conception, Ferdi-

nand, Indiana. He will serve the spiritual needs of the Sisters of St. Benedict and the academy students. In addition to his spiritual duties Father Jerome will teach classes in the academy. We are happy to say that our former editor will continue to be a contributor to the magazine. Father Jerome Palmer who was ordained to the priesthood in the Spring of 1930, served for nineteen years on the minor seminary English faculty. In addition to his office as director of student activities, faculty advisor on the minor seminary publication, *Campus Chatter*, director of dramatics, and moderator of the minor seminary literary society, Father Jerome also taught classes in mathematics, and oratory. The field of his work was enlarged in May 1937 when he succeeded the late Father Hilary DeJean, O.S.B. as editor of *The Grail*. It is a tribute to his ability in preparing a readable magazine to note that when he was appointed editor the Grail subscriptions had reached an all-time low, and is now more than double. During the past year Father Jerome was active in giving week-end Marian retreats throughout the diocese. Last May he led a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Fatima, Fatima, Portugal returning to America early in June after an interesting visit in the Holy City and an audience with Pope Pius XII. Father Walter



Father Prior Justin, O.S.B.

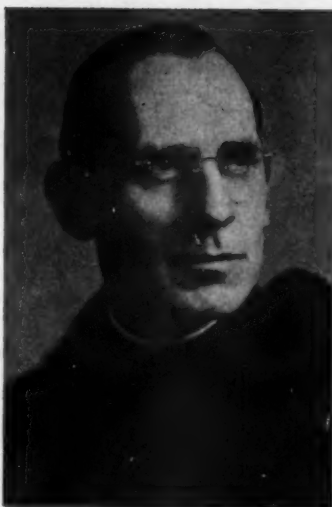
Sullivan, O.S.B. succeeds Fr. Jerome as editor of *The Grail*. He will be assisted in this new field by able associate editors, Fathers Patrick, Raban, Eric, and Christopher. Fr. Walter will be relieved of all classes in the minor seminary, but will be free for oblate work and occasional retreats and sermons.

Fathers Polycarp and Guy Return to Rome

St. Meinrad's Abbey will have three priests resident in Rome when Fathers Polycarp Sherwood, O.S.B., and Guy Ferrari, O.S.B. join Father William Walker at San Anselmo in October. Father Polycarp is to re-join the San Anselmo faculty as professor of Patrology; Fr. Guy will pursue studies at the Pontifical Archeological Institute in Rome, and also complete his work for the doctorate in theology. An interesting phase of Fr. Guy's work in Archeology will be exploration in the Roman catacombs. He expects to be in Rome for two years. Both priests sail from New York City on the Mauritania September 26th. Father Guy Ferrari together with his classmate of San Anselmo, Father Harold Hammerstein, O.S.B. was ordained to the priesthood July 10, 1948 at the Abbey of Maria Einsiedeln, Switzerland. On the following day Father Guy offered his First Solemn High Mass. Fr. Harold offered his First Solemn Mass at Maria Einsiedeln Abbey July 16, 1949, feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln. Fr. Harold will assume his new post as professor of fundamental theology in our major seminary this Fall.

Father Daniel to Winebago, Nebraska

One of the first appointments after the summer retreat in June was the assignment of Father Daniel Madlon, O.S.B. to St. Augustine's Indian Mission at Winebago, Nebraska. This assignment was made at the request of the superior of the mission, Father Frank Hulsman, a priest of the Omaha diocese. The mission at Winebago is not under the direction of the abbey, but two of our Fathers, Fr. Gregory Kunkel, O.S.B., and Father Daniel Madlon,



Father Jerome, O. S. B.

O.S.B. are working there among the Winebago Indians. Father Daniel brings fifteen years of experience as an Indian missionary to his new post. The field of his labors was among the Yankton Sioux of South Dakota at the Indian missions of Marty, S.D. and Stephan, S.D. During that time he became conversant with the Sioux language; at present he is unable to use this knowledge among the Winebagos. It was my good luck to visit the Winebago mission last summer and note the fine spirit which unites Priests, Sisters and children into one happy family. The mission buildings, all frame, surmount a high hill on the northern outskirts of the little village of Winebago. The priests have a small rectory down in the village where two priests and several older Indian boys live. Last summer Father Hubert Umberg, O.S.B., a monk of Marmion Abbey, Aurora, Ill., spent a couple of months at this mission. As far as I could learn while there Father Hubert gave more than spiritual help to the mission; he also assisted the priests and Indian children with the humble but useful work of harvesting the potato crop.

Our New Frater Novices And The Newly Professed

July 10th the new Frater Candidates arrived in time for the First

Vespers of the Solemnity of Saint Benedict. Five received the habit; they are Frater Novices Thomas Hettich, Joseph Buscher (now honorably bearing the name of Patrick), James Dusseau, Robert Dougherty (now known as Novice Charles), Richard Ostidick. The ceremony of investiture took place after the Sunday parish Mass, July 31st, Feast of St. Ignatius. On the following day, August 1st, Feast of St. Peter's Chains, nine Fraters made their triennial profession (temporary vows for three years) at the Solemn High Mass, and assumed their new names; taking a new name in religious profession is quite an experience for the newly professed monk. It is much more than a new look; it is a new sound in his ears, and at first the religious with his new name is as self-conscious as the bride who hears someone calling her *Mrs.* for the first time; she wonders who is being called or spoken to, and then with a rush of realization she understands that something permanent and radical has happened to her; she has fused her life with another being whose name she bears. In the case of the newly professed perhaps nothing helps him realize more quickly that he has entered upon an entirely new life than hearing someone call him by his new name in religion. Well there are some new names for our former Frater Novices and here is the line-up; Fraters Benedict Meyer, Francis (of Assisi) Suttmiller, Robert Woerdeman, Joseph Mort, Andrew Murchie, Bede Jamieson, Giles Heuer, Columban O'Brien, Sylvester Curtin. Early in September two new Frater candidates joined the new Frater Novices, Thomas (Kevin) Conley of Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Angelo Nobile of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

New Brother Candidates Enter The Abbey

Early in August the following Brother Candidates entered the abbey to prepare for the novitiate: Brother Candidates John Petry of Floral Park, N.Y., Gerald Wathen of Evansville, Ind., Hilary Schepers or Jasper, Ind., Ralph Lampert of St. Anthony, Ind., Gerald Compton of Minneapolis, Minn., Edward

Mertz of Louisville, Ky., and George Francis of St. Louis, Mo. There are two other Brother Candidates who came to the abbey earlier in the year, Charles Raney of Indianapolis, Ind., and Anthony Jakious of Aurora, Ill. John Petry and Gerald Wathen came to us from St. Placid Hall, the only preparatory school for Benedictine Brothers in the United States. St. Placid Hall is located on the abbey grounds of St. Meinrad, and is directed by Father Marcellus Fischer, O.S.B., and Father Brendan Keane, O.S.B. It offers a fully accredited high school course and training for the boy out of the eighth grade who aspires to become a Benedictine Lay Brother. Twenty-three boys are enrolled at St. Placid Hall at the present time. Information about this school can be obtained by writing to Father Marcellus Fischer, O.S.B., St. Placid Hall, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Going and Coming

During August Father Julius Armbruster, O.S.B. was recalled from the Indian Mission at St. Michael's, North Dakota to become assistant priest at St. Benedict's Rectory, Evansville, Indiana. To date he has not been replaced at the Mission. Father Urban Knapp, O.S.B., was transferred from St. Benedict's Church, Evansville to his new post as pastor of the parish at Dale, Indiana. Father Norbert Spitzmesser, O.S.B. was transferred from his post as chaplain of the Convent at Ferdinand to St. Meinrad's Abbey. Father Norbert will rest at the abbey preparatory for a serious operation at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. The first of October Fathers Paschal, Damasus and Kenneth leave for the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Father Paschal, while remaining manager of the Abbey Press, will pursue studies in Theology in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the S.T.L. degree. Fr. Damasus will be working for his M.A. degree in American History; Fr. Kenneth has high hopes of returning to St. Meinrad in June with an M.A. for his studies in German. Latest releases from the grapevine indicate that Father Meinrad Hoffman, O.S.B.,

Instructor of the Fraters, will be Spiritual Director of the Third American Pilgrimage to Fatima, Portugal next May. The pilgrimage is being sponsored by the Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, Archbishop of St. Louis, and will be led by Bishop Charles H. Helmsing, auxiliary bishop of St. Louis.

Latest News Flashes

Thursday September 15, feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, the monastic family rallied around the High Altar in the Abbey Church to witness two happy events, a Golden jubilee of profession, and the Solemn Profession of eight Fraters. During the conventual High Mass Fraters Blaise Hettich, Camillus Ellspermann, Mark Toon, Geoffrey Gaughan, Alaric Scotcher, Lambert Soergel, Cyril Vrablich, and Phillip Mahin made their Solemn Profession of Vows. Immediately afterwards Fathers Roman and Albert solemnly renewed their religious profession which they had made fifty years ago. Congratulations to the Jubilarians, and may the newly solemn-professed all see their golden jubilee too. Ad multos annos. There was a banquet for the community at 12:30 P.M. in the abbey refectory; from five until seven in the evening of September

15th the entire monastic family, Brothers, Fathers and Fraters held an old-fashioned 'familien-fest' (family-feast) in the monastic refectory. One of our oblates, Mr. Irving Pecker, whose protegee is Frater Alaric, came up from Mexico to share in the celebration. After dinner of the 15th he started the first lap of his long hop to Honolulu, Hawaii where he teaches at the University and enjoys the distinction of being honorary French consul. Father Abbot set out September 17th together with his driver, Br. Meinrad, for a visit to the Indian Missions of the Dakotas. At this time he will discuss with the Benedictine missionaries of our abbey the feasibility of founding a new Indian mission monastery in Dakota. Fr. Abbot will return via Lafayette, Indiana where the St. Meinrad Alumni Association will meet at St. Mary's Cathedral October 12-13.

Friends of St. Meinrad who remember Brother Bartholomew, genial native of county Kerry, who was so seriously ill last winter, will be interested to know that Brother 'Bart' is wintering at St. Leo's Abbey, Florida. Climatic change has been ordered on account of his frail health.



"It's a note from his teacher asking why he comes to school every day"



Our Reading Room

THE MAN WHO INVENTED SIN, and Other Stories. By Sean O'Faolain. The Devin-Adair Co., New York 10. \$2.75.

Although the author chose this volume of his "best stories", and although the *Irish Press* called it "so remarkable in its range and achievement that it stands as a challenge to any living writer in the same medium", yet this reviewer was not particularly overwhelmed by any of the tales. "The Woman Who Married Clark Gable" was an enchanting little morsel, but it could hardly be compared with anything from the pen of Graham Greene, even though Greene writes short stories only secondarily. And the title story, though unusual, leaves the reader with a feeling of "So what?" Of the others in the volume, be it said merely that they are neither particularly good nor particularly bad, certainly not outstanding examples of the Short Story form.

The woodcuts of Elizabeth Rivers are best classified by the much abused term, "nice". They are, that is, not to be ranked with the greats of woodcut history, but they are certainly not inferior works when considered in their own right. Miss Rivers has a delicate touch and good taste.

On the whole, though the literary value of the book is far inferior to such recent collections of stories as *The Common Chord*, *The Prince of Darkness*, and others, yet it is not completely negligible. It gives a good picture of various phases of

Irish life, and is worth-while for that if for no other reason. Not indispensable, it is pleasant for spending away a few idle hours.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (2 vols. and Bibliography). Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry Seidel Canby. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$20. (The Bibliography can be obtained alone for \$7.50).

It is not the place of a reviewer to try to list the benefits of so monumental a work as this in a few short words. What is needed for such a task is a full-length dissertation. Nonetheless, we will at least make bold to point out that the forty-odd contributors to the history have succeeded admirably in presenting us with a work that is complete, comprehensive, scholarly, yet interesting and fairly easy reading. The Bibliography alone will be inestimable value to scholars for decades to come, while the other two volumes will be not a whit less important in the long run.

The chapters on The European Background, Benjamin Franklin, Art in the Market Place, Ralph Waldo Emerson, The New England Triumvirate, Humor, Abraham Lincoln: The Soil and the Seed, The Education of Everyman, and A Cycle of Fiction, to mention but a few, are invaluable. These however, are not listed because they are unique in

their brilliance, but rather because they are typical of the entire work. Actually it is safe to say that the library of any one who loves America and things American is lacking an important asset if it is lacking this **LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**.

A point to be remembered about the history is the fact that every chapter is written by an authority in his field. Carl Van Doren wrote the chapter on Franklin, Carl Sandburg that on Lincoln, Joseph Wood Krutch those on Eugene O'Neill and An American Drama, while Allan Nevins, Henry Steele Commager, H. L. Mencken, and Luther S. Mansfield each contributed to the work. Indeed a survey of the list of contributors reads like a roll call of the outstanding literary scholars of our time. And the work itself lives up to the names of its authors.

THE RING AND THE BOOK. By Robert Browning. The Heritage Press, New York. \$5.00.

It is not, of course, the place of a reviewer to discuss Browning's great poetic work in terms of commendation or of deprecation. As a matter of fact, there would probably be no mention of it in **OUR READING ROOM**, were not this new edition of the Heritage Press so beautifully made up. The poem itself is known at least by name to most of our readers. Made up of twelve books, it treats a famous murder case of the early seventeenth cen-

tury, narrating the events as they appeared to different participants in the affair.

This particular edition is increased in value by the illustrations, a series of engravings by Carl Schultheiss, one of the outstanding engravers-in-line of our day. Each engraving is an artistic masterpiece in itself, and at the same time is extremely apt in portraying the scenes so vividly described by Browning. All told there are fifteen engravings, of which those entitled, "The Church of St. Peter, Rome", and "In the Company of Pity and Death" are the two most impressive. All however are excellent. Indeed, anyone looking for a beautiful gift book, or interested in beautiful books for his own library would do well to examine this and other Heritage offerings.

PRACTICAL UNION WITH GOD.
By Rev. John Hoffman, C.S.Sp.
Catholic Book Publishing Co. New York, N.Y. \$2.00.

The spiritual power of Father Hoffman's little work gives full evi-

dence of his study and experience in the fields of education, retreat master, and member of the Mission band of his congregation. As a result of his training, he is able to furnish a meditation book which is practical not only for the priest and sister, but also for every layman who wishes to live a more saintly life, a more self-sacrificing life.

From the first time this work appeared, it has been popular among those who sought greater holiness and closer union with God; now the English translation, from the fourth German edition makes it available to Americans. Our thanks are due to Sister Mary Eugenia who did so fine a piece of work in the translation.

LIVING WITH GOD. By The Venerable Francis Liebermann.
Catholic Book Publishing Co. New York, N. Y. \$2.00.

This work proves that Pope Pius XII was not exaggerating when he called the author a "great master of the spiritual life", any more than Pius X when he spoke of the heroic

degree of virtue practiced by the Venerable Francis Liebermann. Mirroring on every page the devotion and sanctity of the author, it will undoubtedly prove itself an intimate friend of every priest and religious who endeavors to read and profit from it.

The book insists on one thing; genuine, unfeigned love of God and self-sacrifice. The thoughts contained in it are inspirational and powerful. Of the various books recently sent from the Catholic Book Publishing Co., in fact this is the best, both in matter and in readability—which after all does count for the priest who would profit from his meditation without forcing himself to it.

KNIGHTS OF THE EUCHARIST.
By Msgr. William Schaefer.
Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. \$2.50.

Again Msgr. Schaefer has presented his brethren in Christ's service with an invaluable spiritual book. Gathered from his years of work in the vineyard, full of the love of God which evidently burns in his own soul, **KNIGHTS OF THE EUCHARIST** follows in the footsteps of the earlier **KEEPERS OF THE EUCHARIST**. That is it bids fair to place Msgr. Schaefer among the top-ranking spiritual writers for priests, both as regards the matter gleaned from many sources, and as regards style, readable, interesting, chatty, as befits the editor of the Wichita, Kansas, *Advance Register*.

The beautiful thoughts on priestly life presented here show much thought; the wealth of illustrations shows much work; the sincerity shows much prayer. And, for those who read it, the helps offered toward the solution of sacerdotal problems show much insight and understanding. Of all the books that must be welcome in any priest's personal library, this will be one of the most necessary. The uncompromising insistence on prayer, the determined facing of problems show the author's courage as well as his ability to help others.



"And don't think you can slip anything over on me, Smith. I used to be a little stinker, myself"

THE WISDOM OF HOLINESS.

Edited by Rev. J. M. Lelen, Ph.D.
Catholic Book Publishing Co., New
York, N.Y. \$2.00.

Hardly less valuable than the foregoing is **THE WISDOM OF HOLINESS**. A valuable treatise on the relations of man to God, the book will be as rich in spiritual thought for the layman as it is for the priest. More than a spiritual reading book, it will be found, if attentively read, to be a fountain of inspirational thought. The style, perhaps is difficult, much more so than that of Msgr. Schaefer's, yet the plethora of "hences" and "wherefores" and "salutary customs" is not sufficient to discourage the reader who sincerely wishes to profit. The twenty two chapters of themselves will furnish many weeks of fruitful meditation.

CHRIST IN THE GOSPEL. By Rev. Joseph B. Frey. The Confraternity of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn 19, New York. 35¢.

This small book is composed completely of the words of the Gospels, arranged suitably for daily reading throughout the year, and accompanied by illustrations similar to those which graced the Confraternity edition of Father Frey's translations of the Psalms. The artist, Ariel Agemian, has caught the spirit of the Gospels with his pen. If **CHRIST IN THE GOSPEL** can manage to arouse a love of Scripture in the hearts of American Catholics, as it certainly should, it will be a complete success. We hope that this happens.

THE GEM OF CHRIST. By Father Francis, C.P. Catholic Book Publishing Co. New York. \$2.50.

Why it must be that lives of the Saints begin with narrating the subject's (we almost said victim's) precocious sanctity, and continue with a story incredible enough to cause skepticism in the mind of any one is beyond this reviewer's understanding. It seems that no one who smiles qualifies for canonization in the minds of self-appointed devil's advocates like Father Francis, C.P. To this reviewer, the alleged fact that

Gemma Galgani, the subject of this abomination, spurned all affection from her Father and Mother would hardly be praiseworthy if it were true. He is grateful however that he has the right to doubt most vehemently that it is true.

It is not customary to seek flaws in a book of this nature; nor did we do so in this book. Yet, as we turned the pages, the following thoughts came to us; Could not Father Francis, C.P., have used a less stilted and trite style? Could he not have presented Gemma Galgani as a human being? Could this book not have been so written as to be a valuable addition to Hagiography? The answer was patent: "Yes, it could have been an exceptional book." But the fact remains that it is not exceptional. It is rather poor.

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN. By Frank Gilbreth Jr. and Ernestine Carey. Thomas W. Crowell Co., New York 16, New York. Illustrated by Donald McKay.

This is not exactly high class biography. It is the story of a whole family, especially of its strange, funny eccentric head, Frank Gilbreth, who seems to be the most original man since Benjamin Frank-

lin, and possessing the same kind of inventive genius and self-assurance. His forte is 'motion-saving'. How he tries his theory on his family of wife and dozen offspring, how he lives with the dozen, how he makes them his pride and joy, how he lives, works and plays with his family makes a life-story full of laughter and drama. One cannot put the book down without feeling lighter of heart; it is a book which reads well in public. Mrs. Gilbreth survived her fertile and inventive spouse ... and she is listed as Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, the industrial engineer, wife of the late Frank G. Gilbreth also an industrial engineer and the originator of the motion study. If you need a good laugh read this rollicking story about a large family who never knew a dull moment. It has a few but not many swear words in it. Mrs. Gilbreth's pet swear word occurs often ... it was her most blood-curdling expletive: "Mercy Maud."

THE RED CHAIR WAITS. By Alice Margaret Huggins. Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.00.

This interesting story gives an insight into the heart and mind of a



"He'd be all-American, if anybody but me
and his mother could spell Kluzutsklonklinuk"

modern girl, a Chinese girl, faced with the dilemma of marrying the undesirable Mr. Wu to whom Shu Lan's parents betrothed her in infancy, or else risking the parental dismissal from her home and public disapproval of her people. From a literary point of view it is not a great book. It is however wholesome in its treatment of love and marriage, and its recognition of the woman in the home, not as a drudge, but as a love-mate, a mother, a friend and counselor. It does, for this reason, belong on the bookshelf of the modern Christian family. Noteworthy are the passages describing the chaste and reverent love-making of Shu Lan and her beloved Mr. Li. The Oriental concept of love coupled with deep reverence would be a help to youth and married couples of today. The book derives its title from the ancient ceremony of Old China when the reluctant bride, decked in her finery, steps into the ceremonial "red chair" at her father's door, and is borne away from her family forever to serve in the household of her husband and her husband's mother. The author had in mind the lines of the Chinese poet, Chai Chih Jui:

"Perhaps 'tis when the year trees
are in bloom,
Or when the winter roads are
deep in snow,
Or when the golden autumn fills
the land;
But soon or late the reluctant
bride must go forth from her
father's gate ... the red chair
waits.
She weeps. Her lagging footsteps
hesitate.
Backward she glances along...
'Tis fitting thus ... but in her
secret heart may be a song."

PILGRIM'S INN. By Elizabeth Goudge. Coward and McCann Inc. New York, N.Y. \$3.00.

Only a person who is very happy and likes to see other people happy could have written *Pilgrim's Inn*. Elizabeth Goudge's book is not a whit inferior to her *Green Dolphin Street*. It is, in fact, superior in many ways. She gathers a group of characters into an old English inn, characters who have been hurt badly by the storms of life, and who are seeking release from heartache,

or who are trying to find themselves. The intangible, curative and healing qualities of the old inn together with the far-seeing wisdom of a lovely 85 year old woman, the delightful Lucilla Eliot, heals each one and draws them all together in a beautiful Christmas setting of joy and peace at the end. Her book has as deep a spiritual message as her popular *Green Dolphin Street* for our unsettled and restless times. The theme is the importance of the family, of pure domestic love, and the flowering of the old Christian virtue of hospitality. In some fashion, though the story is cast in post bellum England of 1946, it has the flavor of the middle ages. The story idealizes the pastoral and simple existence of Christians of an earlier age. In it we discover the simple joys of the hearth, the splendor of the woods in autumn; the beauty of wild life and woodland runs riot in her descriptions which appear like unforgettable portraits throughout the novel. One feels so much at home and at peace with the characters of Lucilla Eliot's family that it is with genuine regret that the reader parts company at the end. Even after one closes the book one feels the healing touch of the herb of grace at Pilgrim's Inn.

PETER ABELARD. By Helen Waddell. Henry Holt and Co., New York City, N. Y. \$3.00. Illustrated by Laszio Matulay.

This is the nearest thing to a thing of beauty in fiction that I have read for a long time. The author writes with moving power; her descriptions are etchings in words; her knowledge of the early Church Fathers may be only superficial, but she gives the casual reader the impression that she is familiar with the whole field of patristic literature. The character whose image is etched most sharply on the imagination is not Peter Abelard, but his friend, the fat, rather ribald, merry and keen-witted Canon Gilles de Vannes of Notre Dame. He is a man grown old in his office but not holy in it, grown rather patient with weaknesses in others, having withal an

innate integrity and strange wisdom, respected by better and more brilliant men. Abelard and Heloise the two main characters, are seen only through Gilles' eyes. It is, in fact, the encouragement of Gilles, subtle indeed, but real, which throws Abelard and Heloise together and occasions one of the most passionate and famous romances of Christian history, the love of Peter Abelard, brilliant philosopher, scholar and canon of Notre Dame, for his beautiful disciple and mistress, Heloise. This novel of the twelfth century more than somewhat distorts the true facts of the case ... for it makes Heloise a living sacrifice in a dismal convent without the peace of true vocation, and no higher motive than to stay there for the love of Peter Abelard. The facts of the case are that both Heloise and Abelard did through their own grief find in their hearts a deeper love for others ... as the author makes Heloise say to Gilles: "It is better for the world if one has a broken heart; one is quick to recognize it elsewhere." The author paints a somewhat lugubrious picture of religious life in her description of Heloise's stay in the convent. One seems to see the convent of Argenteuil as an old ladies' home where sad-faced old hens in dingy black gowns go perpetually slapping down draughty corridors in their wide slippers. To the average reader unacquainted with religious women and their manner of life, it may arouse a contempt for convent life as a state of frustration where sterile lives plod through a dull routine of meaningless religious chores. What Hollywood might do to such a story I dread to think on. The ending is not the ordinary Hollywood happy-ending finish. The boy does not get the girl and vice versa. The book seems to make the renunciation of one another a heroic thing for Abelard and Heloise, heroic without the help of grace and a supernatural motive. The fact of the matter, if we can believe the historians, is that their renunciation of each other became the point of departure for both Heloise and Abelard—for a deeper love of God and others. At least I should like to believe this.

OTHER BOOKS

By Mary Fabyan Windeatt

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

The story of Our Lady of the Rosary and her appearances to the three children of Fatima. \$2.00.

DAVID AND HIS SONGS

The boy who was a shepherd and who became a king and who wrote many of the Psalms had a very thrilling life. Here is his story. \$2.00.

LITTLE QUEEN

This saint received her name of "Little Queen" from her Dad who loved her very much. Still she left home before she was sixteen to become a nun—and the Little Flower of Jesus. \$2.00.

LITTLE SISTER

Another little girl who became a saint. Our Lord worked a special miracle for her on her First Communion day. She is now Blessed Imelda. \$1.50.

MY NAME IS THOMAS

St. Thomas Aquinas tells his story in this book. \$1.25.

THE PARISH PRIEST OF ARS

He had such a hard time learning his lessons that no one ever thought he would become a priest. But St. John Vianney did not give up—nor ever give up being good and doing good. People all loved this parish priest of France. \$2.00.

Order from

GRAIL PUBLICATIONS

St. Meinrad

Indiana

Books and Pamphlets About The Blessed Mother

THE CHALLENGE OF FATIMA by Raphael Grashoff, C. P.

Fatima is a challenge! How can we be afraid to accept it after we read this powerful booklet. 87 pages. 25¢.

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

The appearances of Our Blessed Mother at Fatima to the children. \$2.00.

QUEEN OF MILITANTS by Emil Neubert, S. M., S. T. D.

How under the banner of Mary the Church Militant will become the Church Triumphant—how to become better by having Mary as the Queen of your personal life. \$3.00 (Paper bound \$1.25)

THE MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY by Edward I. Hession

The Mysteries of the Rosary told in verse. Price \$1.00 (Paper bound 25¢).

IMITATE YOUR BLESSED MOTHER by Peter A. Resch, S. M., S. T. D.

Practical hints and instructions on how to imitate the Blessed Mother in your everyday life. 25¢

THE VIRGIN'S LAND

Ninety-six pages of stories and information on the Blessed Mother. America is "the Virgin's land." 50¢

ROSARY OF PEARLS by Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

Thoughts and sayings of the Saints and spiritual writers on the Blessed Mother. 10¢.

PERPETUAL NOVENA TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

Contains the happenings of Fatima in brief form, and all the prayers that were taught the children by the Blessed Mother and the Angel. Also has a complete arrangement for Novenas in Churches, etc. This is the booklet that everyone devoted to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and Fatima has been looking for. 15¢

MANUAL OF THE SERVANT OF MARY

A booklet having the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, and other prayers for Sodality; also a Rule of Life. 25¢.

OUR LADY'S ANSWER by John N. Dudine

Vocation thoughts on the Rosary especially for the upper grades and high school. 10¢.

THINKING WITH THE ROSARY

The Blessed Mother at Fatima revealed the Promise of the Five First Saturdays. In order to fulfill one of the conditions of meditating on the Mysteries of the Rosary many have been at a loss. This booklet has several meditations on each Mystery of the Rosary. 10¢.

THE LOVE OF MARY by Francis Greiner, S. M.

This is a partial translation of the favorite book of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowsful Mother, the Passionist, and was written by Dom. Roberto, a hermit. 25¢.

ATTAR FROM MARY'S ROSARIUM by Alexis L. Hopkins

A short essay on each of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. Excellent for use at Marian Hour. 5¢ a copy.

ST. MEINRAD'S FATIMA WEEK

The story of the preparations of FATIMA WEEK and ALL the Sermons preached during that time—39 Sermons. 168 pages. \$1.00 a copy.

ORDER from

THE GRAIL OFFICE

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

I had been bothered for some time with an ear condition. After praying to Brother Meinrad for about a week and pressing the picture which had touched his relic to my ear, the condition has completely healed, and there have been no recurrences. I wish to publicly acknowledge my thanks to Brother Meinrad for his gracious help. Mrs. K.S., Conn.

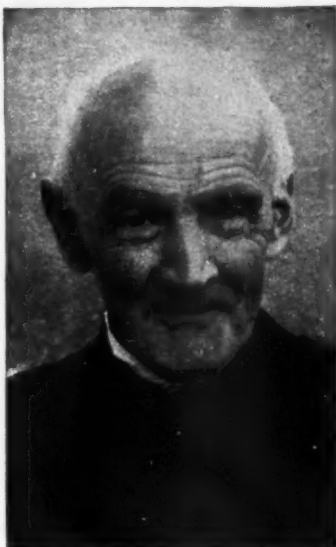
I promised publication if Brother Meinrad would help my parents to sell their house. They did so just a few days after I started my Novena. I can't recall a single time when Brother Meinrad has failed me. And I call on him often. J. C., Pa.

I am enclosing an offering in appreciation of prayers said for me during my recent illness. I want it published that I had a very successful operation and a speedy recovery. Before going to the hospital I was getting so discouraged I did not care to live. But now, thanks to Brother Meinrad, I have a more cheerful outlook on life and things look different. For 16 years I had had the burden of working to support my three sons. Two of my sons are now working and I am again able to work too. Mrs. P., Ill.

Enclosed is a stipend for a Mass for the most forlorn and forgotten soul in Purgatory in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for having helped my baby get rid of a 102 degree fever he had for 24 hours. I placed a picture of Brother Meinrad on the baby's chest and made a nine hour Novena to the Infant of Prague and by the seventh hour the baby's fever had dropped almost to normal. Brother Meinrad has never failed me whenever I asked his intercession when any of the children were ill. Mrs. J.L.H., Colo.

Enclosed find an offering which I promised in honor of Brother Meinrad through whose intercession I received help in a short time for my son. Mrs. J.M.B., Ind.

Please publish the following favors received through Brother Meinrad's intercession. (1) A reconciliation of former friends. (2) Improvement in health. (3) Pension received by a War veteran. Sr. M.I., Ind.



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Austin Caldwell, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

Sincere thanks to Brother Meinrad who has come to my assistance on different occasions. T.W., Ind.

Enclosed is a small offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for answering my prayers. My son drank for many years. I promised publication if Brother Meinrad heard my prayer. For several months now my son has not had a drink.

Mrs. P.J.R., Iowa.

A few months ago I was in need of a good reliable person to assist me in my housework. So I prayed to the Sacred Heart and Brother Meinrad to find such a person for me. I am very grateful for now I have a very fine reliable woman helping me to do my work. Thanks to the Sacred Heart and Brother Meinrad for their kind favor.

Mrs. L.H.B., Ky.

I wish to express heartfelt thanks to Brother Meinrad for favors received, especially for relief from pain. Mrs. J.G., Okla.

I am sending you five dollars in thanksgiving for a great favor received through prayers to Brother Meinrad. I promised publication.

R.B., R.I.

I had been bothered for sometime with an ear condition. After praying to Brother Meinrad for about a week and pressing the picture which had touched his bones to my ear, the condition has completely healed and there have been no recurrences. I wish to publicly acknowledge my thanks to Brother Meinrad for his gracious help.

K.S.S., Conn.

I enclose an offering in thanksgiving for two favors received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. (1) Removal of an undesirable tenant. (2) Obtaining needed office equipment. G.M.Q., Mo.

Reported favors received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad: Mrs. W.H., Ind. Mrs. E.A.S., Ind. R.F., Ill. Mrs. J.J., Ohio. Mrs. G.M.B., R.I. Mrs. W.E.M., Texas. W.H.T., Mass. J.M., New York. M.I.K., Iowa. Mrs. E.S., Wis. E.M.B., Ind. Mrs. L.R.C., S. Car. M.M., Texas. M.C., Ohio. J.H.B., Okla.

Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch cl
St. John Abbey
Collegeville, Minn.



The Children of Fatima Club

If you have not joined the Fatima Club, join now. Over 30,000 from all over the United States and Canada have become members.

- **Purpose:** To carry on the work of the three children of Fatima in making known and observed the requests that Our Blessed Mother made known at Fatima.
- **Duties:** Daily recitation (5 decades) of the Rosary in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
To pray and make little sacrifices for the conversion of sinners.
Monthly to make the First Saturday if possible.
To get one new member for the club.
- **Dues:** None. But offerings will be accepted to spread Fatima literature where it will do most good.

Mail your request for membership to
THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA CLUB
The Grail Office
St. Meinrad, Indiana



3rd National Pilgrimage to Fatima Rome and Lourdes

This pilgrimage will be at Fatima for the celebration of May 13, 1950. It is sponsored by Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter of St. Louis and will be led by Bishop Charles H. Helmsing. Father Meinrad Hoffman, O. S. B. of St. Meinrad's Abbey will be spiritual director.

For further information and folder, write to:

THE GRAIL Office
Fatima Pilgrimage
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

